



*Inscape*



# *Inscape*

*Bishop's College School  
Literary Magazine  
2014–2015  
Volume XXXIII*

By *Inscape* I mean the particular nature of things,  
the unique, essential form and meaning  
of any object or experience.

~ *Gerard Manley Hopkins*

Members of the *Inscape* staff would like to  
thank the following people for their help and support:

Christopher Brandon, Janice Carey, Richard Cicchine, Susan Cook, Max Crowther,  
Guy Dallaire, Tim Doherty, Christine Faucher, John Haffenden, Victoria Hill,  
François Jean Jean, Lyne Labrècque, Marianne Laramée, Sheila Lyster, Régine Mesnil,  
Will Mitchell, Kathryne Owen, Heather Rothney, Anna Sarkissian,  
Greg Stevenson, and Roxane Vigneault.

We would also like to thank Scott Abbott  
for his generous support of the English department  
and all of its endeavours.

Design and typesetting by the *Inscape* staff at BCS.

Bishop's College School  
Sherbrooke, Quebec  
J1M 1Z8



Printed in Canada by  
Blanchard Litho inc.



# *From the editors...*

From us to you, here's our editors' note.  
We worked long and hard with the poems you wrote.  
The riddles and rhymes, the stories and prose,  
the pile was stacked from our heads to our toes.

Still all this drove us mad sometimes,  
with dragons, clocks, and abstract rhymes.  
We read and revised 'til words were all blurred,  
yet instead of homework this work we preferred.

Then came the artwork, the sketches and paint,  
the patterns and colours nearly made us feel faint.  
We ransacked the art room to find what we might;  
selecting the pieces, an internal fight.

There were glaring eyes and souls lost at sea,  
starlight, photographs, and winter's cool breeze.  
Then came the process of mixing and matching,  
poems to artwork we began attaching.

Though hold on a second, we have to admit  
we couldn't get all the pieces to fit.  
But despite the cuts, we fixed it up nicely,  
each poem and artwork joined up precisely.

We fixed up the spelling and grammatical slips  
with the help of Mr. Kelso providing us tips.  
The book came together; we laid it all out.  
It is a masterpiece; we haven't one doubt.

As you're reading this now, what you might find  
are poems and colours of an obscure kind.  
But the truth is the moment you open this book  
you enter a student's world most oft overlooked.

In our minds this will never just be a book.  
It will remain the mess and plans that making it took.  
The creative minds and talents impressed us beyond measure.  
Contributors, we thank you. It was truly a pleasure.

Creating this collection of talent was fun.  
We've run out of rhymes; now our poem is done.

Thank you for reading our editors' letter.  
We promise the rest of the book will be better.  
It took all our brains, but not too much muscle.  
Our kindest regards,

—Zeitlinger and Russell.

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*Drawing by Rui Shi, Form V*

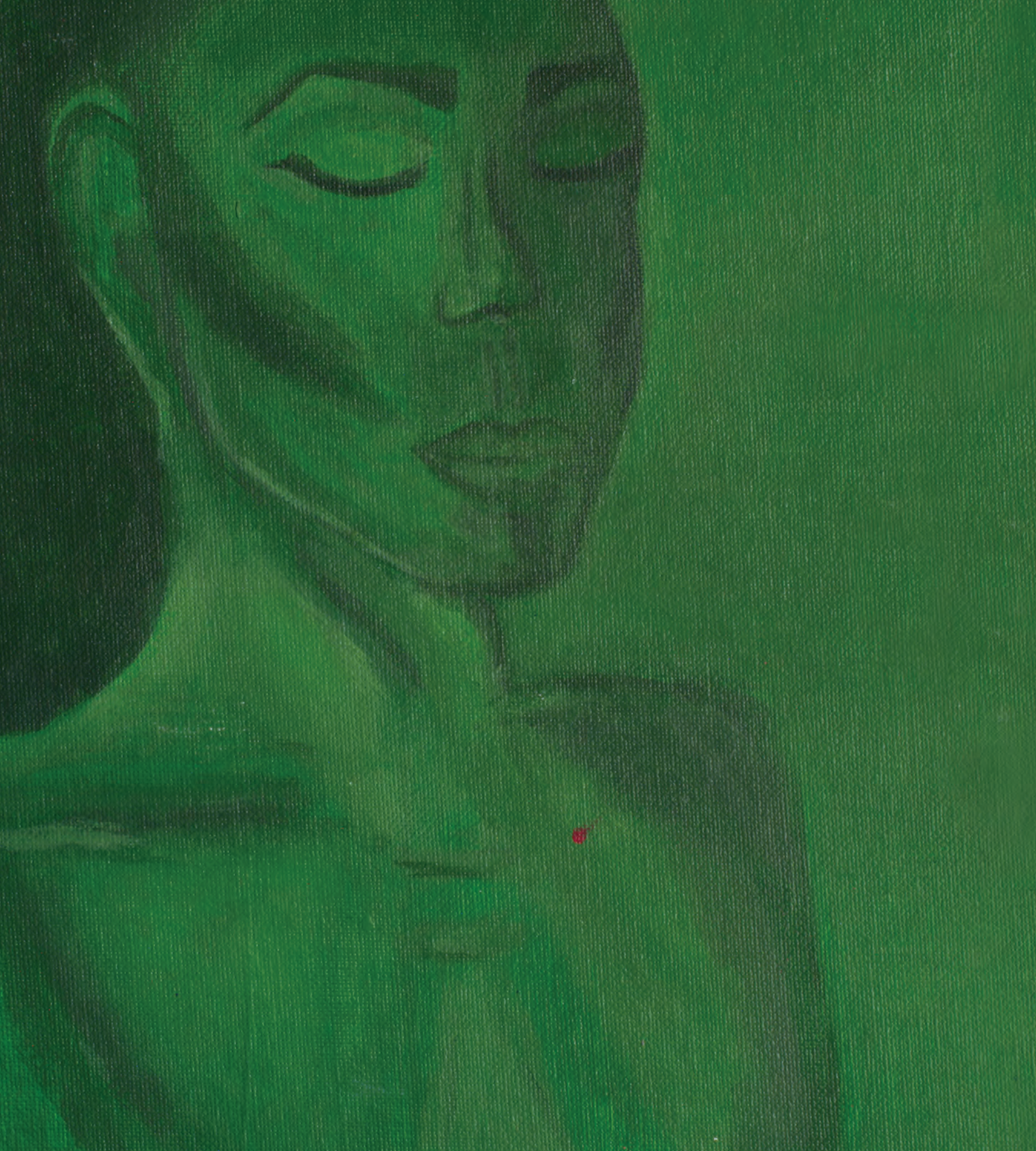


## LET US OUT

Books are keys;  
they unlock  
the cages of ignorance.

*Diego Saldana Rodriguez, Form V*







## SILENCE AND CLAMOUR

How would you hear silence,  
if silence had no sound?  
What is silence?  
Without sound,  
yet stronger than sound.

Silence rules over  
all clamour;  
imprisons it.

But when a single sound,  
like the lone howl of the wolf,  
escapes the silence,  
complement does the silence then,  
strengthening the lone noise.

Silence it was,  
louder than noise  
but softer  
than sounds.

Silence again it was,  
a feeling of fear,  
gripping lonely souls  
seeking clamours  
far away.

By the morning then,  
parted  
has the silence,  
sounded  
have the clamours,  
and all things great and small  
resume the sounds of day.

*David Yang, Form V*

## AWAKE

The shrieking cries drill through your skull,  
a noise that could wake mountains.  
My eyes struggle to remain closed.

Such vileness contains only a machine  
who dares transform euphoric dreams  
into the nightmare that is reality.

Such agony it sings, it leaves me no choice  
but to lift the weight of the world  
that rests upon every inch of my body.

I fight the craving to stay.  
The pillow, a delicious treat that draws me,  
like a magnet pulling on the fabric of my bones.

The abrupt light soaks the room. It demands attention  
while it fills every corner. No one can hide from the brightness  
as it incinerates my eyes.

Nothing is as hard as that first step,  
leaving the precious sanctuary.  
Already anticipating my return.

*Diego Saldana Rodriguez, Form V*







## BED

I am a dream come nightfall,  
and a nightmare when she wakes.  
I beg and beg. She struggles.  
“Only five more minutes,” she tells me.

Every night when she returns,  
she throws herself onto me,  
as though it has been days  
since we’ve last touched.  
And I let her.  
Oh, how I let her!

Now I am a dreamcatcher.  
Small pieces of her are scattered  
everywhere in me.  
I have stolen some of her,  
making every day more of a struggle,  
and I plan to keep her.

I am selfish, every day reminding her  
that I am better for her.  
Manipulative? Maybe.  
Oh sweet girl, don’t you let me go.

I’d like to say that I am her home,  
her safety, reassurance.  
But one day I know she will go.  
And I, selfish, lonely me,  
will become someone else’s safe haven.

*Trinity-Ann Merrithew, Form V*

## PILLOW

I am sitting in the room, still and quiet,  
all day, on top of the bed,  
without moving, without making any noise.

I am your confidant, your supporter.  
I always hear what you have to say.  
I get to be your punching bag,  
after getting yelled at whenever you get mad.  
Or I may get all wet sometimes,  
when you’re feeling sad.

I am your dreamcatcher.  
I know your deepest thoughts,  
I know your deepest fears.  
And I get to know your dreams all through the night,  
and then wake up to see you coming back with new ones.

*Sofia Murguia Senties, Form V*

## LAZY POEM

Like fresh morning dew  
on the grass;  
like light whipped cream  
on a cake;  
I lie on my bed  
face down  
and I sleep.

*Rida Dzhaafar, Form V*









## ALARM CLOCK

The sea was a mirror reflecting the sky,  
but at 6:45,  
a storm shook the ocean of my sleep.

*Alexandre Montoya, Form V*

## THE FLAX

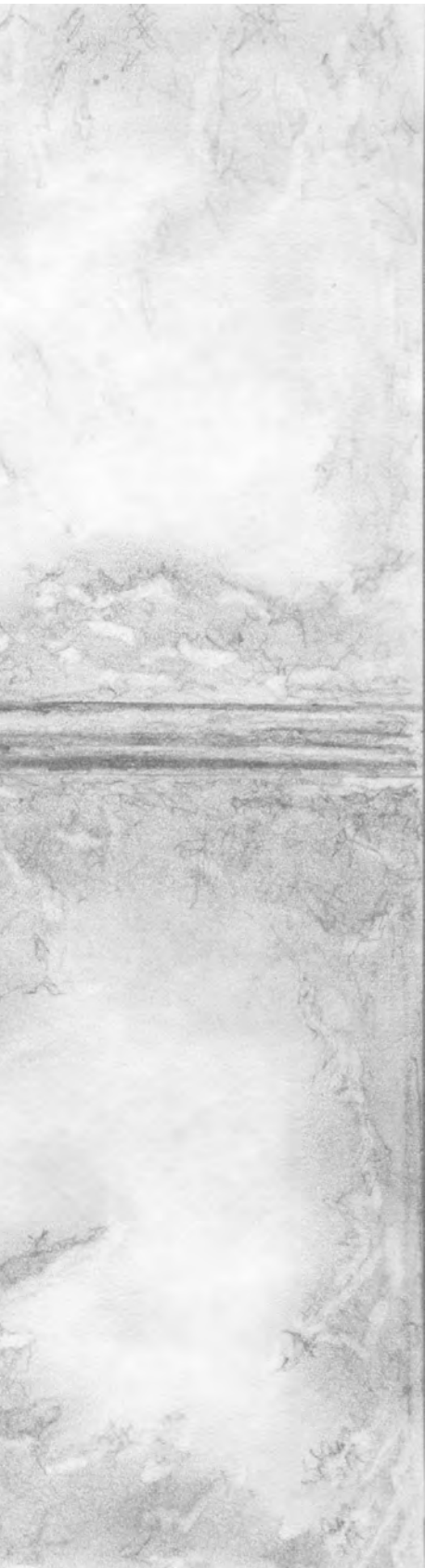
The blue flowering flax  
as magnificent as a sailboat.  
Rooted firmly like an anchor,  
to the bottom of the sea.  
Strong and tall like  
the wonderboom that's 100 years old.  
The sound of the gusty wind is  
like a fresh breeze while running,  
as beautiful as the sound of the ocean  
when you put your ear to a conch shell.

*Jeffrey Lebeau, Form V*









## WINDOW

I am transparent. There is nothing I can hide.  
I am between two worlds,  
separating them from one another,  
allowing both to see but not to feel.  
I feel the frost creep up and the rain fall against one of my faces,  
as if it were trying to reach the world I keep at bay on the other side.  
I am all that stands between them.

I have known a girl since she was small as a doll.  
Most think of me as a figure of promise,  
but not this little girl. To her I am a sad joke –  
a promise of sameness that does not allow the thought of opportunity.  
Every day she looks out upon the other world.  
She moves visibly as the tree on the other side does not.  
I can see the terror that I cause her, though I may not offer any refuge nor answer  
to the question she ponders, as to whether or not she may ever see  
something else of this world beyond me.  
This willow, this street, this town is all she knows.  
I cannot help her.  
I hold her world and the other away from each other.  
I am the glass separating a prisoner from the one he loves.  
There is nothing I can hide, not one desperate detail.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*

*Drawing by Julia Coote, Form V*



## IRRELEVANT REVERIES

The glare was bright from the fluorescent light  
that shone down on his pad.

His ideas were strong, but his rhythm wrong,  
with rhymes that weren't half bad.

His pencil sharp, but rubber dark,  
from past ideas erased;  
his forehead wet with beads of sweat;  
with time he kept the pace.

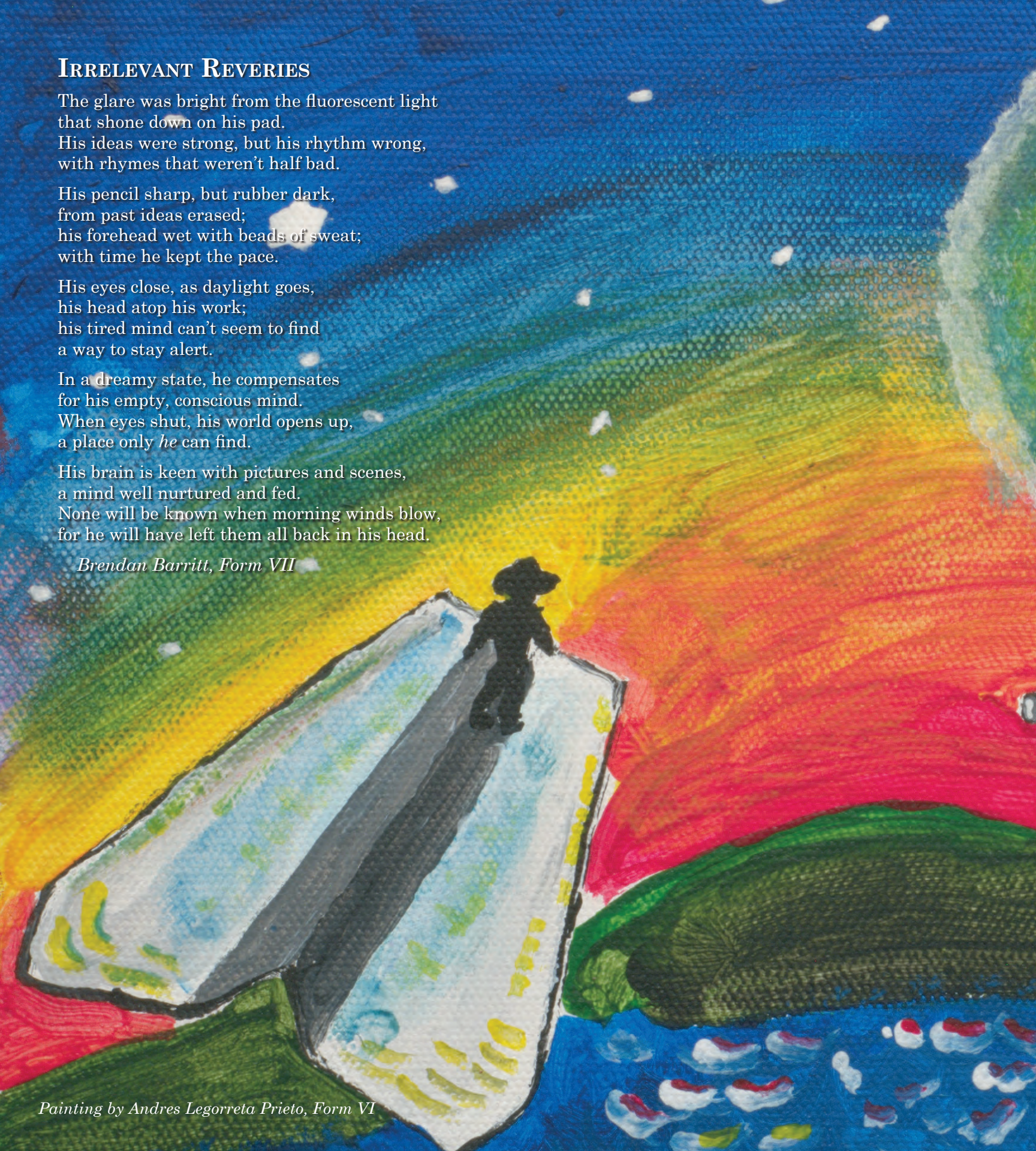
His eyes close, as daylight goes,  
his head atop his work;  
his tired mind can't seem to find  
a way to stay alert.

In a dreamy state, he compensates  
for his empty, conscious mind.  
When eyes shut, his world opens up,  
a place only *he* can find.

His brain is keen with pictures and scenes,  
a mind well nurtured and fed.  
None will be known when morning winds blow,  
for he will have left them all back in his head.

*Brendan Barritt, Form VII*

*Painting by Andres Legorreta Prieto, Form VI*













## NO SENSE

Hey son,  
you'll say that it won't make any sense,  
but how about we go, take a glass with rapper 50 Cent,  
while the king of the United States attacks a dragon  
with this stick of wood and his helmet of iron.

Kid, let's take a look at the Atlantic Ocean  
and watch Jimmy Fish play soccer after his long concussion.  
Yes, let's make this day a world of passion,  
out of work, misery, war, and destruction.

Brother, let's go to the bar  
with or without a guitar.  
Let's make rhymes,  
forget about time,  
forget the place,  
and please erase the question mark on your face.

We don't have good reason to cry or to die.  
You want me to mind my own business? Fine!  
See you next time.  
Me and my goat will go far  
riding downtown in my mother's old red car.

*William Babineau, Form VII*

## MISCHIEF

Creeping in,  
tiptoed,  
a mischievous child.

He tickles people till they shiver,  
and laughs as they put on  
bundles of clothes.

Sneaking as he goes,  
staining the trees  
with red and yellow,  
leaving behind  
a rustle of laughter.

While the leaves lined  
neatly on the ground,  
he swept them  
off their feet  
twirling them upwards  
to the brisk blue sky.

When at last, tired,  
he gurgles beside the stream  
and running down the hills  
rests finally  
on fields of yellow asters.

*David Yang, Form V*

## TEMPÊTE

Mon voilier, dansant dans les vagues,  
Tangue de gauche à droite  
Pour finalement accoster  
Sur une plage jonchée de coquillages.

Le ciel prend une couleur grisâtre,  
Comme s'il était fou de rage  
Les nuages prennent vie  
Se mettent à bouger, à s'énerver.

Le vent se lève  
Il souffle plus fort que le loup  
Il siffle et crie  
De toutes ses forces.

L'eau devient plus agitée,  
Les vagues deviennent plus hautes,  
Le sable se met à se soulever dans les airs,  
C'est le portait parfait d'une tempête.

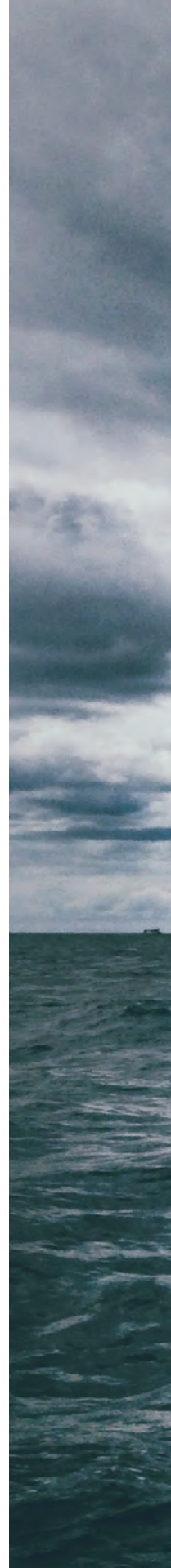
Et si ce n'était pas vrai,  
Et si c'était seulement mon imagination?  
Et si la plage n'était pas jonchée de coquillages, mais  
de déchets,  
Et si ce n'était pas une tempête,  
Mais la révolte de la Nature...

*Mathilde Fugère, Form IV*

## UNDERTOW

The sand reassured me  
that I was strong.  
I reached the ocean  
and the waves kissed my toes.  
The sea whispered to me,  
"Everything will be okay."  
My clothes fell.  
I stepped in,  
my naked skin touched  
by the tenderness of the salt water.  
Goosebumps covered my body.  
The sea reached my knees.  
The hairs on my body rose  
like a standing ovation.  
I immersed my head,  
the sounds of silence  
drowned  
by the sound of  
my heartbeat and  
the cries of the ocean.  
The undertow pulled at my feet,  
screaming,  
"It's nicer down here  
than the world  
will ever be out there!"

*Taylor Merrithew, Form VII*







*Photograph by Cameron Rogers-Bradish, Form VI*



# Chimpology

*A short story by Andres Legoretta Prieto, Form VI*

The man raises his head up to the buildings around him. His imposing structures stand like titans, challenging even the most imposing of his mother's mountains. The streets extend all over the land like spiderwebs, and trespassers eventually get killed by their brother, the man, who rides his car like an arachnid exoskeleton, crawling all over the spiderweb back and forth, never finding a lasting destiny, always busy, keeping the artificial habitat he built with his own hands.

The toxic air the man has released is poisoning him, his machines are impeding his ability to walk, and his luxuries are measured in animal blood. He looks at his red, sticky hands. They are filthy. He has tried to detach himself from guilt, but in the end, he is still no more than a mammal, no matter how much he lies to himself.

He hears a call. No matter how much he has hurt her, his mother still calls. She still believes in him. Her offer of redemption still stands. A tear runs down the man's cheek. Even when he has pushed his mother away from the borders of his city, his mother is still trying to reach him.

Desperation fills the man. He fanatically swings his mace at his creations. His buildings begin to crumble, his weapons start to disarm, and his memories of them start to fade. The man reaches for the compounds and elements, he grabs them, and runs desperately with them looking for the place where he found them. There it is, a trash site filled with the chemicals he used to separate the minerals. Like a dog, he digs again to push his precious bones back into the ground. He fills the spaces with the soil, hiding his marked territory, trying with all his might to eliminate the evidence of his precious loot. He finishes and turns around to see the results. He is confused. The area has sprung back to life already without his knowing. More than that. He cannot remember what happened here before. Tension has been released from his mind.


The man now runs to his archives, the World Wide Web. He possesses the most complete collection of memories of his doings. All video recordings of

his predictions of the weather, his fictitious films, like fantastic dreams that never happened, yet are imbedded in his mind like perfect fantasies. He dismantles them, losing all connections to them.

He moves towards his memories. In the past he has brought upon him great destruction. Things like the World Wars. These are the nightmares. He not only hurt himself, but everything around him. He created metal machines that shot metal projectiles into his bland flesh, ripping it apart and shattering inside of him, leaving the fragments well settled into his insides. He begins to take the pieces out of him with his cold forceps. Large pieces of invasive material exit and give way for healing to happen. In order to forget he must first forgive himself. He looks down at his injuries. There is still work to be done.

He begins to forget. He has gone down to an advanced stage of adolescence in a small amount of time. Countless years of investigation and scientific experimentation leave his mind. The land is vast and straight. He is now a barbarian who lives in stone buildings. Life is harder now. He is impatient and eager to explore and conquer. He used to expand his dominium, seeking new horizons, territories and resources. He is the imperfect hybrid between an ant and a termite. Like in both cases, the system collapses when order is lost. Order is their offense and defense. Every important settlement the man has built depends on its queen to establish order. The rest of society, organized in castes and divisions each assigned from birth and nearly guaranteed to be permanent positions and lifestyles. All queens, soldiers and young, unable to sustain their own lifestyles require the working castes and divisions to take care of them. The existence of a conscious mind has differentiated them from any crawlers, allowing for small groups of outcasts to exist. The interactions of the different settlements are amazingly varied, giving way for mimetic, commensal, parasitic and mutualistic relationships between kingdoms. Like a well-organized game of chess on



A photograph of a sandy beach with numerous footprints in the sand, leading towards the ocean. The waves are visible in the background, and the sky is bright. The footprints are dark and distinct against the light-colored sand.

multiplayer, this savagery is still frowned upon by Mother. The man must simplify himself further.

The man leaves his settlements and walks towards the sunrise, the beginning of every new day, every new cycle. Leaving his last set of sedentary and permanent structures behind. The man has become a nomad. Animal skins cover his otherwise naked skin, unsuited for the cold. Mother has given him a bridge to cross back into the old world, a gigantic plain of ice connecting the land masses. His hands remain stained. Dressing in the skins of cousin mammals is still unacceptable. He must become suited for his environment or he will perish. He continues his peregrination into the forgotten land, not knowing what awaits him.

The man is finally becoming self-sufficient. Hair has grown and covered his body to keep him warm. Like his flawed nuclear energy farms once had, he is having a meltdown. His SRGAP2 gene has halved and a de-cephalization process has started fractioning his brainpower. The frontal cortex is having its wires pulled and ripped, the cranial capacity has halved, and this process will continue to occur. The man is no longer disarming himself, but the cold hands of nature will make sure he never steps out of line, for the one thing that made him so great and powerful is being torn into pieces and thrown away so it will never again hurt Earth and its creatures.

This new creature is no longer a threat to the world. He is an innocent and pure individual that moves alongside his cousins in a perfect Utopia, where the circle of life flows in perfect harmony. Apes and knuckle-walkers alike move in constant travel along the African continent, no longer to leave, but to arrange themselves in the Promised Land. Our creature is no longer a threat. He lies surrounded by the arms of his consenting mother, whose love and mistakes have taught her never to over-gift him, never to give him too much freedom, for he has achieved perfect equilibrium, and so has the world.







## OUR HISTORY

Fall to the dirt, do I.  
I know now, that we will all die.  
Plunge into the ground soon, will the sky.

Erupt, chaos will,  
corrupt, we will be.  
Interrupt, the bullets will,

deeply lodged into our skulls.  
Above, picking off dead, are gulls.  
Grenades form a detached melody, which lulls.

Eyes, mine now are closed,  
still, I see the dead bodies tactfully posed.  
By now, surely, all decomposed.

Forced down openly, is the struggle.  
Their renown is not at all sought.  
Reddish-brown now is the blank canvas.

Under the ground, I am nested.  
The antagonists, now uncontested,  
the resistance has been bested.

Fear not, though. You may never know  
Van Gogh or Jim Crow  
but your life will be status-quo and our history, you will out-grow.

*Julie Coote, Form V*





## GUIDANCE OF THE NIGHTS

So they say,  
you are gems polished and shined,  
pure light scattered  
and legends forever crusted  
in the sullen sky.

But against the black tiles of the night,  
your true self unveiled  
more like spirits of the dark,  
dancing at the edge of the skies.

As if painted by the hands invisible,  
a masterpiece you are,  
changing yet unchanged,  
sparkles of vibrant lights.

O stars of the growing darkness,  
guide us with your beacons  
of eternal bright.  
Through clouds of despair  
and paths uncertain,  
your gleam shall guide us  
marching on into the night.

*David Yang, Form V*

## THE NEVER ENDING MOMENT

The  
clock  
ticks

till  
we  
reach  
the end  
of time.

The end  
of  
the end,  
an  
infinite, mysterious  
darkness.

*Jeffrey Lebeau, Form V*











*Drawing by Alexandre Montoya, Form V*





## UNKNOWN PLACES

I see clouds coming  
out of the dark.

Black storms  
approaching softly,  
haunting, running,  
buzzing, silent.

I see the world,  
a place unknown:  
old houses,  
flashing lights,  
footsteps,  
empty streets;  
lifeless.

Walking blindly  
through unknown places.

*Blake Russell, Form IV*

## THE WATCHER

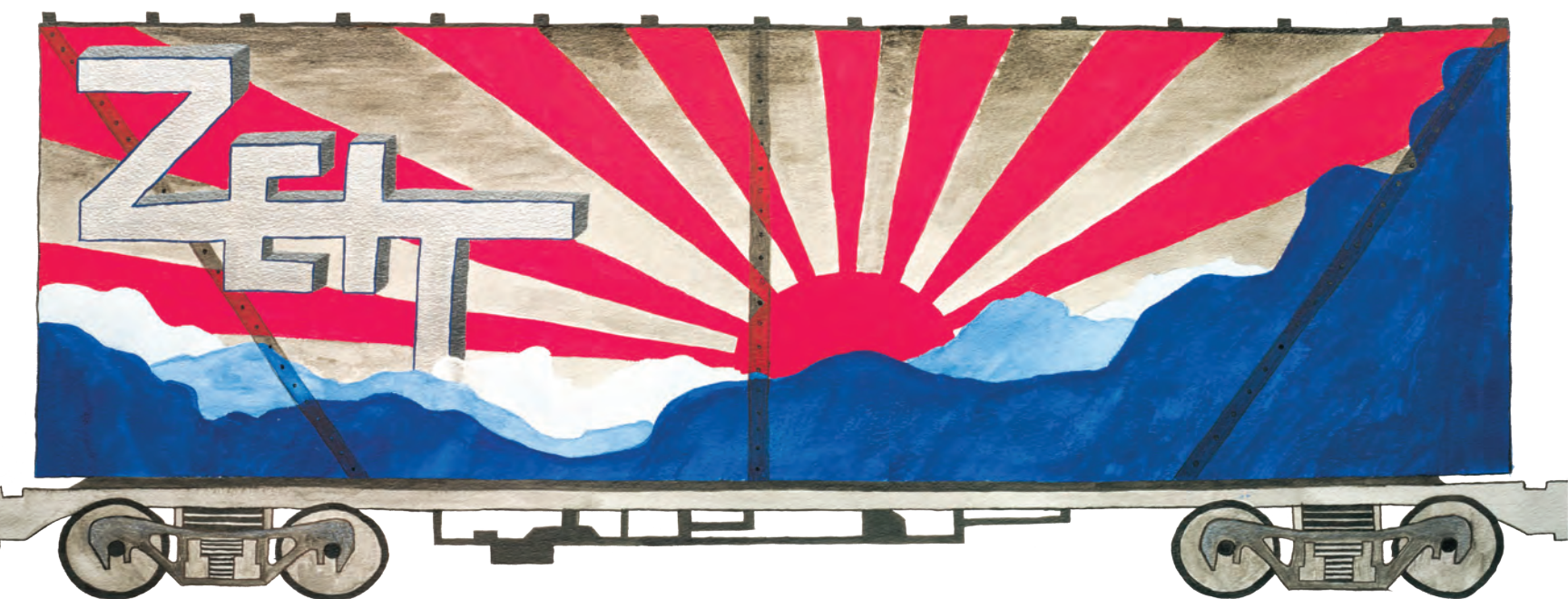
Sunset, gazing over the sea.  
The ship  
now a mere speck on the horizon,  
fading away with the last light of day.

The watcher in the tower.  
His eyes, reflecting the waves –  
weathered and worn  
like timeworn sails.

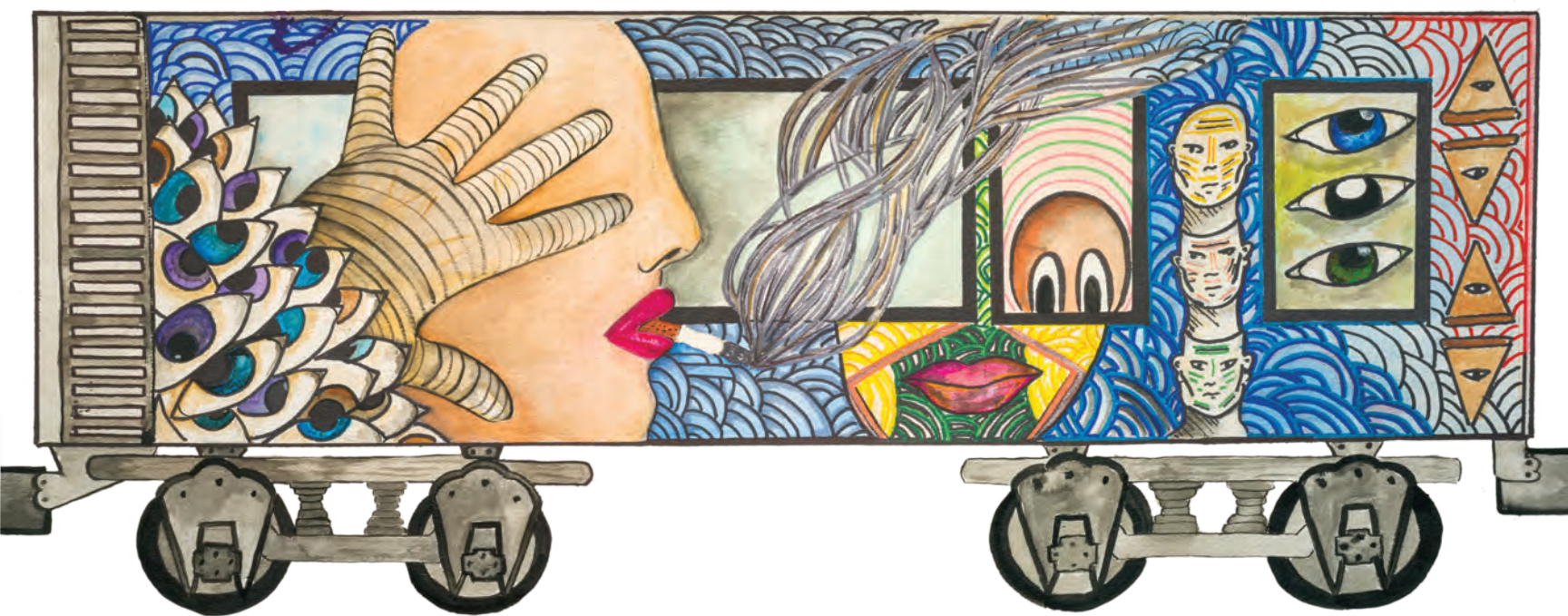
The old man waits,  
his hope for the ship's return  
vanishing with the warmth  
as the light dies out.

*Tyler Beauparlant, Romy Zeitlinger, &  
Evangeline Zhang; Form VII*











## NYC

Streets shiny like the sun,  
buildings taller than the eye can see,  
people bustling about like working ants,  
people as odd as aliens,  
businessmen straight as arrows,  
women of the night tempting as candy,  
the sweet smell of varying restaurants on every corner,  
changing eerily to the smell of garbage on every other corner,  
salesmen everywhere,  
trying to sell something like they're Vince from ShamWow,  
taxis in the streets like a sea of fluorescent yellow,  
weaving among the skyscrapers.  
This is New York City.

*Tom Price, Form V*





## SUNLIGHT

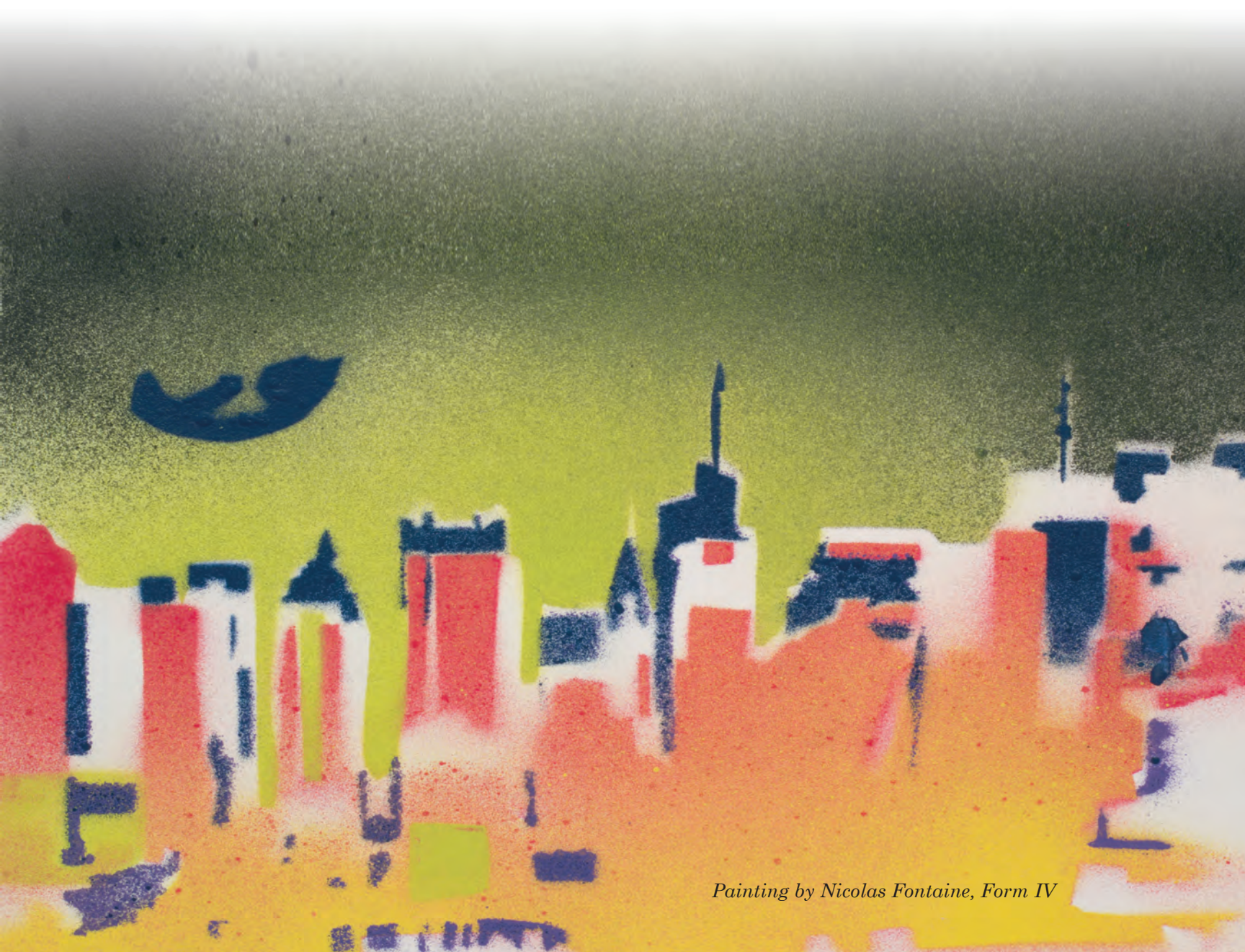
Powerful sun rays  
pass through the Earth's atmosphere.  
They are bright as a light on a dark night,  
illustrating a whole nation's dream,  
letting opportunities be born,  
putting an end to a night full with bright stars,  
marking the beginning of a new day.

*Javier Iriso Villamor, Form III*

## RISE UP!

In the dark  
you  
shine, glowing in  
beauty  
out of the  
gray  
into gloriousness.

*Hannah Scheja, Form V*



*Painting by Nicolas Fontaine, Form IV*



## NEW HARMONY

Leaving home is as easy for me as a nestling trying to fly.  
The heavy luggage weighs us down like the silence we hold.  
Trees are suddenly loud, the hum of the highway now a siren.

Our once weeping eyes, now dry, meet. An orchestra clashes with heavy metal.  
The empty audience applauds for us while musicians protest.  
We, separate conductors, close our eyes, ignoring the chaos.

I stand on a sidewalk alone, looking at the staircase  
of new beginnings, new music,  
a new, sweet harmony that opens the door to fresh new-home smell.

The walls tune to the right shade of paint, the furniture now exactly 360 °.  
The conductor sweeps the grounds, and commences to direct.  
The tune starts in a slow crescendo, speeding in rhythm, a fast jazz tune.

The nestling can now fly. I sing and spread my wings,  
looking out from my balcony, steering my neck side to side.  
The blue birds next door wave from their balconies, smiling.

The trees are suddenly peaceful, once loud now a beautiful hum.  
The light chimes on the lake, the cars blare like beautiful trumpets.  
The instruments construct the perfect harmony with their sole conductor.

*Sabrina Turrin, Form V*



## ALLURE

Waves toward the moon,  
night flies to the flickering bulb –  
a force of attraction.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*

*Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VII*



# *Embracing the Future without Foregoing the Past*

*A narrative essay by Donovan Faraoni, Form III*

One summer my Italian grandfather died quite suddenly. This caused a lot of change in my family life, but instead of dwelling on the necessary loss or changes, I discovered that by adapting some old traditions and incorporating some new ones, life carries on. I learned that clinging to past memories prevents us from moving on, but releasing them does not mean giving up on everything they stand for. My Nonno had a passion for hunting and mushroom collecting, in the fresh, natural alpine woodlands of his native heritage. Now, he is gone but I am carrying his passions into my future on my own. I am determined that the marksmanship he used while hiking in the woods, shooting pheasants and partridges, will not be lost. I have adapted these activities into my Canadian life.

During bird season Nonno was often on the hunt, keen and alert as the foxes slinking furtively along the edges of the myrtle bushes looking for their next victim. Next to him would be his stubborn but faithful shorthaired pointer, Birba. His nose would be to the ground smelling for the trail of an elusive pheasant, partridge or the occasional delectable porcini mushroom. Nonno would stride silently with his reliable rifle on his arm, always at the ready to shoot the quarry that would later wind up on the family table, cooked by Nonna into polenta con uccelli e funghi, corn gruel cooked with birds in a thick tasty mushroom sauce along with the odd lead ball, spit discretely out by the unfortunate diner who chomped down on one. Those were proud and happy days for Nonno and Birba, sharing the fruits of the hunting and gathering.

Since Nonno died, the woods no longer echo with the distinctive crack of his rifle and bird calls again reign supreme in the stillness. Birba acts desolate at the thought of no longer getting to run freely around the woodlands next to Nonno. The poor dog has lost the previous motivation in his movements and the spark that once lit his brown eyes no longer beams radiant and

strong. Like Birba, I miss the feeling of being around Nonno and having his unconditional love and support through thick and thin. After the time of change that followed his death, I had to accept that the future will be without him no matter what. The sadness lifted a little and I felt ready for action.

Today, Nonno's hunting rifle has turned into an air rifle, and the pheasants and partridges have turned into paper targets at the local shooting range instead of verdant green woods. The outdoor lifestyle he lived with all his activities such as mushroom collecting, I carry on by going hiking in the local woods near my own Canadian home. Though the maples, birch, and pine I hike through may not be the hazelnut, fir and beech trees Nonno spent so much of his life enjoying with Birba, the important things remain the same: the fresh air, the green vegetation, the resounding bird calls in the distant treetops, the nourishing soil of the forest floor and the peaty carpet of dry leaves. When Nonno was in nature, he would be calm and happy. His usual resourceful manner would be replaced by a feeling of irrepressible contentment. I feel him in me when I am in nature, or guiding my breath as I gently squeeze my air-rifle trigger. The resounding retort is not quite the same, but the shooting skills and instincts remain. Even if the original purpose is changed, the essential thread is still present and I am proud to be the one to carry his hunting spirit and love of the natural world into my family's future.

This is the way that life goes for me now without Nonno. By moving forward with unrestricted passion and freedom without foregoing the past I am able to take advantage of life's whirlwind opportunities as they arise, while the fondness of my memories helps shape a new, loving future that embodies the traditions of the past. In this way, I keep pace with life's intricate windings, yet still cherish the gift of heritage from my Italian grandfather.



*Photograph by Romy Zeitlinger, Form VII*



# YOYO

i play with a *yoyo*

 $\uparrow \& \downarrow$  $\leftarrow \& \rightarrow$ 

spinning around

a yoyo

wraps around ur finger

and sometimes

u can't help

where it goes

sisters

are like a yoyo

why?

a yoyo

it's a toy?

you could say

there is

something special

about a yoyo

it's different

than normal toys

I don't know

how it's special

it just is

like her

she's special

she is my other

my #1

my bestfriend

occasionally

she ditches me for him

she is my *yaya*

when i first met her

i called her *yaya*

& it stuck

& we are a yoyo

& she is my yaya

# TOI ET MOI

Pendant les nuits  
les plus sombres,  
ou pendant les jours  
très lumineux,  
ma main sera toujours,  
sur ton épaule.

Après une naissance  
ou la mort,  
la joie  
et la dépression,  
tu auras toujours un ami  
en moi.

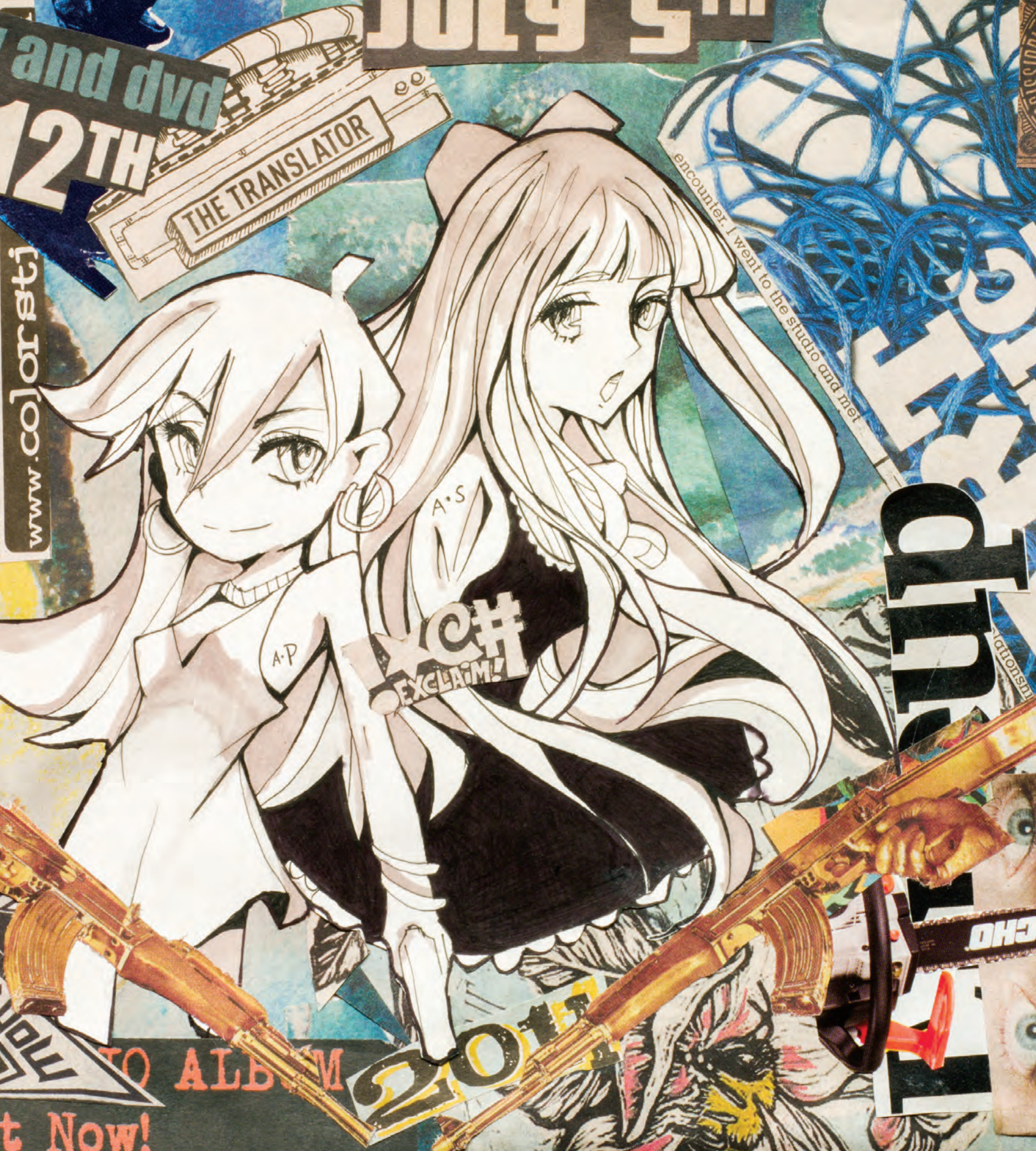
Si tu me fais pleurer  
si tu me fais de la peine,  
si tu me fais rire,  
si tu me fais trembler,  
tu peux me faire confiance  
je vais te faire sourire.

Une larme dure dix secondes,  
mais un ami reste toute une vie.

*Paul Cassar, Form VI*







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THE TRANSLATOR

encounter. I went to the studio and met

EXCLAM!

TO ALBUM  
t Now!

L  
P





## THE FIRST SNOW

The first time in my life I see snow!  
I drag my friends into the silver world,  
yelling and laughing, excitement to show –  
in the wind, the butterflies of winter swirled.

I drag my friends into the silver world  
into the icy pureness... beauty outside the dorm.  
I try to keep the butterflies of winter in hand,  
and they fleetingly turn into dew in the warmth.

We become the spirits that come with no plague,  
So we keep our youth and pleasure to never flee.  
Through the glasses, my sights are vague,  
Wrapped in coat, there's not much I can see.

So we hope our youth and pleasure wouldn't flee  
after laughing and yelling excitement to remember.  
In the yard, the roses bloom full, as they'd ever be,  
but the first snow I see in life is far prettier.

*Evangeline Zhang, Form VII*







## BLUE WONDERS

Blue carpets with rims of white  
pulled over silver floors.  
A thundering roar  
and a whisper soft.

White claws reaching far,  
blue snakes slithered back  
through cracks of rocks  
and patches of sand.

Blue giants  
with mouths gaped  
breathed in  
mouthfuls of silvery white.

Thundering still  
and whispering more,  
the seas in my dreams  
came roaring back.

*David Yang, Form V*

## UNTIL I FELT THE SNOW

until I felt the snow  
kiss my skin  
softly,  
I had not felt  
such love.

I had never felt  
the snowfall  
whisper sweet words  
into my ear.

Nor  
had I felt  
the frigid winter air  
delicately  
lay a hand  
upon my cheek.

*Trinity-Ann Merrithew, Form V*

*Photograph by Diana Olga Cintora Dewez, Form VI*



*Photograph by Nicola Russell, Form VII*





## THE SOLITARY SOUNDS

Solitary,  
a grand symbol  
of the northern lakes.

They return again and again,  
their calls awaken the dormant shore,  
and pierce through the silence of night with echoing cries.  
Love lost and children departed, he wanders the night alone.  
Never looking for a new mate,  
he cries,  
mournfully,  
remembering  
lost love.

Returning to his lake each year,  
blessing the nature with his beauteous calls, he is heard throughout.  
Remembering past summers on the calm lake, now nothing but himself to hear.  
Their silhouette seen on the backdrop of the moonlit water, gently reflecting.  
He dives down headfirst, leaving only a ripple behind as he disappears  
into the darkness in search of dinner. Falling asleep to the gentle hum  
of the bird in the night, releasing my pain and inserting delight.  
He sings to me nature's lullaby, and helps time pass me by.

*Brendan Barritt, Form VII*





*Painting by Emma Page, Form IV*







## A PERFECT SEASONAL VIEW

Dark leafy greens turn into pretty yellow-gold jewels  
and bright copper resting in a shallow grave  
of deep brown earth,  
heralding the gleaming white avalanche of snow to come,  
turning the oldest, tallest trees into  
bare, blue-black skeletons.

Suddenly a dark brown chipmunk  
steals a freshly-baked macaroon  
— my favorite —  
that lay cooling on a rack  
in the open kitchen window.

*Donovan Faraoni, Form III*

## SMELL OF AUTUMN

The start of night  
Winter will come  
Air will seem crisp  
Harshes cold outside  
He still takes the time  
To contemplate his life  
If not  
He dies  
In the little sunlight  
Along with the smell of autumn

*William Lynn, Form VII*

## END OF AUTUMN

From the end of the branch,  
a leaf falls.  
The pigment of old age,  
wrinkles,  
cracks.  
After a long life of energy and movement,  
the end has come.  
Abrupt, yet inevitable.  
Time goes by —  
months,  
years.  
The descent may be slow,  
a light flutter;  
it may be sudden as a gust of wind.  
Wind that carries finality, tragedy.  
To the ground and under,  
snow entombing,  
the soil burying the casket,  
the old leaf,  
the old soul,  
the old man.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*









*Photograph by Cameron Rogers-Bradish, Form VI*





Drawing by Jingwen Mou, Form V



## UNDERSTANDING

*my friend,  
my association  
w/ u  
isn't just a relationship/  
but an u.n.d.e.r.s.t.a.n.d.i.n.g. –*

*from the moment  
I met u  
to  
our continuing relationship  
onward;  
i didn't understand u  
just from your actions,  
but from my hunch  
the very first day  
i met u.*

*a hunch? yes!  
many realists and scientists  
think hunches & instincts are  
just reflexes  
but i know – my hunch is strong –*

*strong enough to know when a person  
is hiding who they want to be –*

*my friend:  
people  
believed  
friendships r made from laughter (& joy)  
but n.o. –  
it was from the time...  
I saw you – b\l/i/n/d/s of –*

*from moment of  
false joy/  
to  
false hopes.*

*yes, I saw u.  
yes, I heard you.  
but did I really hear you? see you? know you?!?  
no!*

*I saw  
the person  
u  
desperately wanted, needed  
for others to  
know.*

*but i understood y.o.u.  
it wasn't  
“forged”  
from books  
on  
=sh=  
=el=  
=ves=  
it wasn't from  
(\ hearing /)  
some  
say pity tales about u.*

*it was from  
my understanding of u:*

*from the very  
moment  
I saw your EXPRESSIONS when  
writing  
poems and novels:*

*from the moment  
u wanted  
others to see  
u but u  
were too shy to do anything:  
from the .moment. I saw u peeking out  
of your b\l/i/n/d/s of insecurity.  
just to greet yourself,*

*I understood u.*

*Sabrina Turrin, Form V*



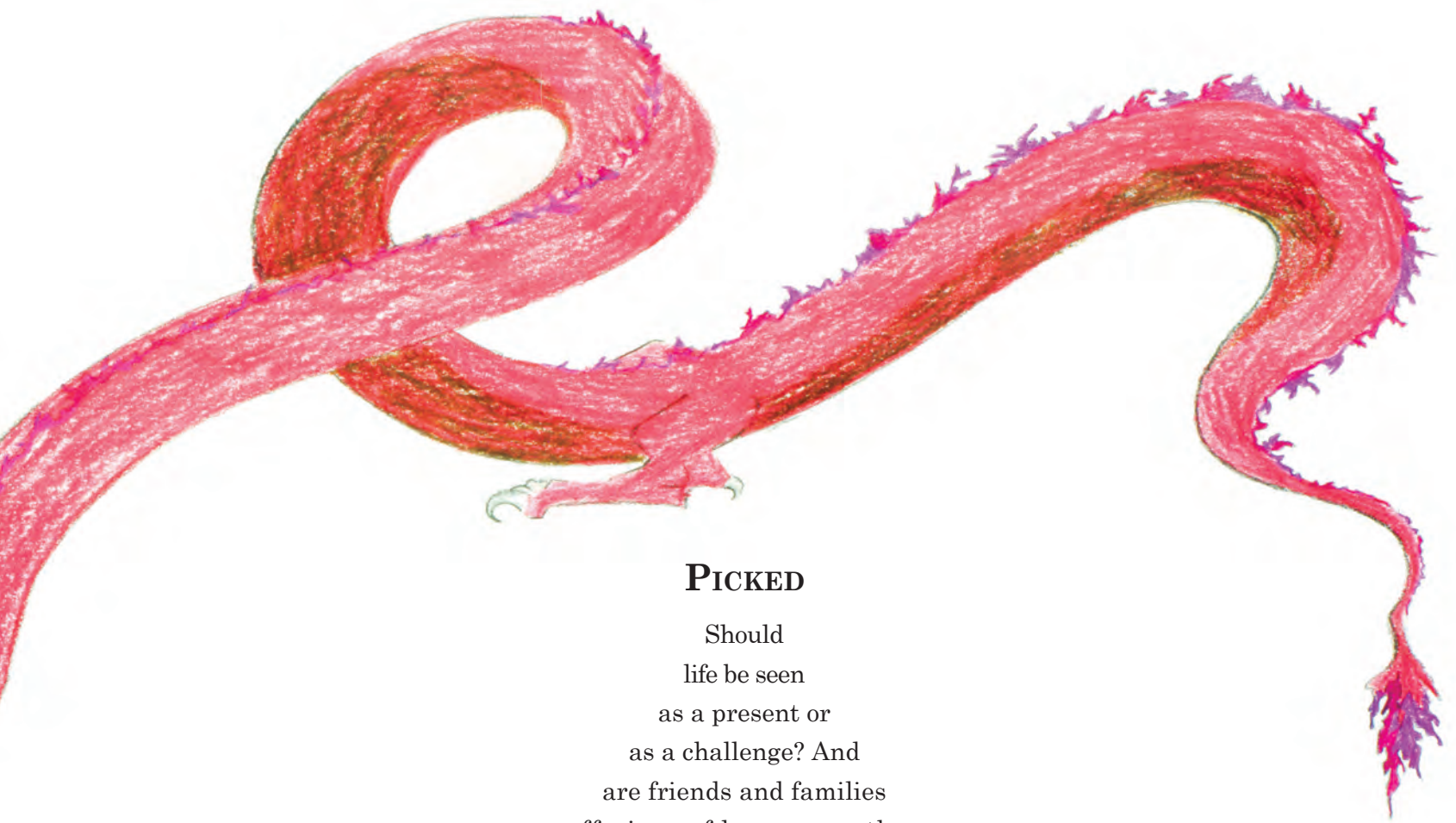


## I AM THE DRAGON

I am the dragon.  
I fly when I desire.  
I am the dragon.  
I breathe the fumes of hell,  
and I glow like an angel.  
I am the dragon.  
My scales are fiery red,  
and my eyes deep ocean blue.  
I am the dragon;  
beautiful, yet terrifying.  
All the same,  
I am the dragon,  
and I fear nothing.

*Trinity-Ann Merrithew,  
Form V*





## PICKED

Should  
life be seen  
as a present or  
as a challenge? And  
are friends and families  
offerings of love or are they  
means of survival? Today the world  
is now a pyramid of competition. A contest  
to reach the top. They choose the best but forget  
those who try to pass the test. It is a race to the top  
where the equalities are no longer possible. For them, the  
smarter ones are acceptable. And the only way to live properly is  
to be the best. What we learn in school is mind work, but what we  
learn out of it is what makes you you. Then here is where the problem  
appears: the truth that hurts everyone who hates to exist. You won't win for  
who you are or how you are. You will only be taken for your skills and be seen as a  
mind, and not as a person.

*William Babineau Form VII*



## BARDACLE

Let me tell you a word you won't forget.  
It will sound strange and you'll be confused.  
It's a brand new word, my favorite, *Bardacle*.  
You use it when you're close to remembering.  
When what you forget is still in your memory.  
Feeling that it's just locked away in your brain.

It's on the tip of your tongue, but gets pulled by the brain.  
The feeling gets called away and then you forget.  
It was so good too, your fondest memory...  
You search and search but get confused.  
This pleasure you get, when you're almost remembering.  
That sense is described in one word, and that is Bardacle.

Spell it with me now: B-A-R-D-A-C-L-E.  
Let it get buried deep down in your brain.  
It's the most interesting word you'll ever remember.  
Practice using it, then you'll never forget.  
It's similar to when you're confused,  
when something is close to surfacing in your memory.

*Painting by Jiajia Ge, Form IV*



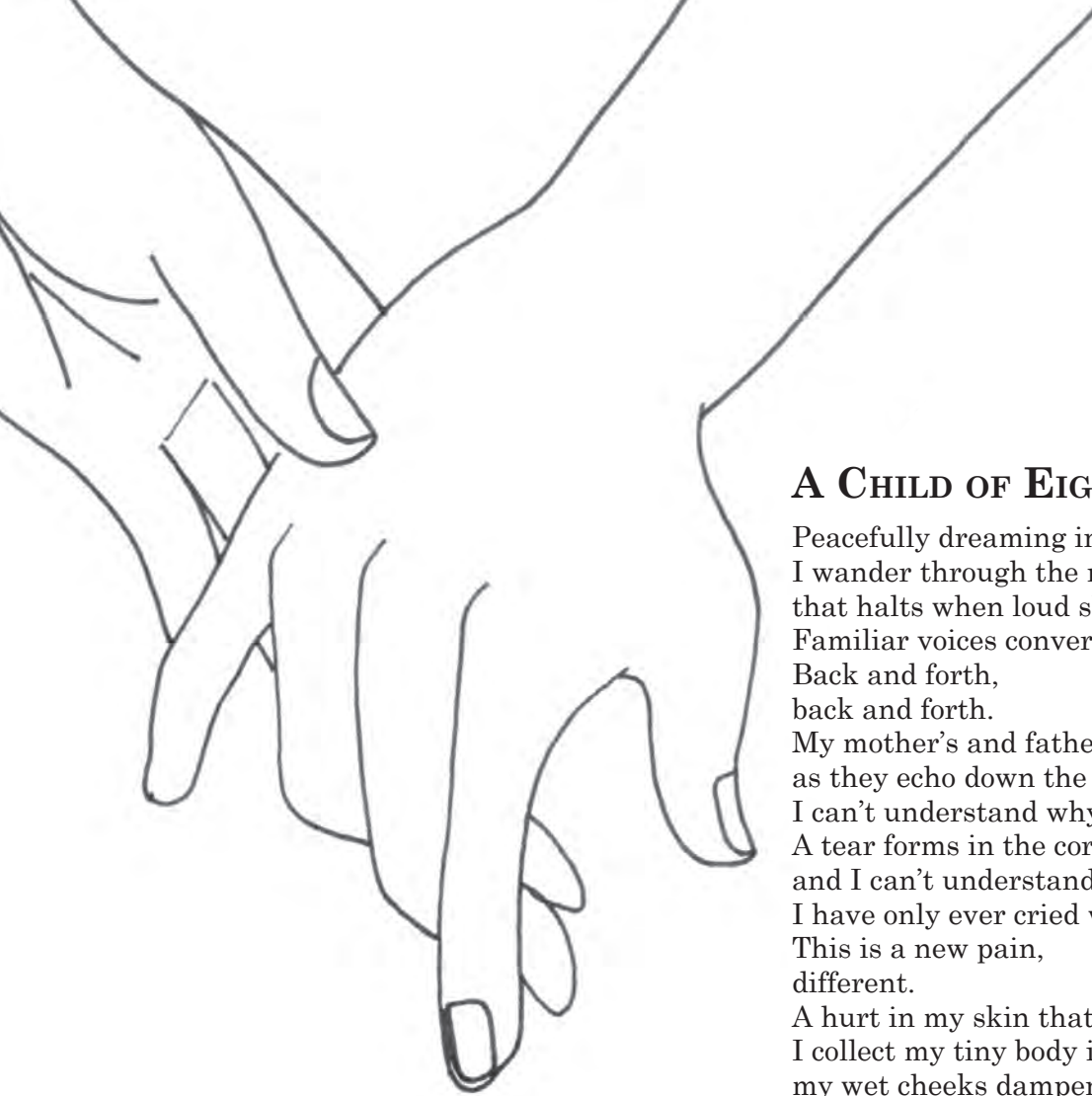
Everything you see becomes a memory.  
When those recollections hover behind, that equals Bardacle.  
It isn't a synonym for words like "confused".  
It isn't a new cortex they found in the brain.  
It isn't when you've completely forgotten.  
It's when it's there, but you can't... remember.  
My favorite new word I'll always remember.  
The one that is lodged in my memory.  
If I lose all else, it's the word I won't forget.  
The word that you pronounce bar-da-cle.  
"Barnacle" with a *d*, get it right in your brain.  
Keep it clear of all else, don't get it confused.

Let me give you some examples so you're not confused.  
'Oh I'm bardacling again, I thought I'd remember.'  
'I was just thinking of it, now I'm bardacled in the brain.'  
'It was just there. I've bardacled. Now it's lost in my memory.'  
'Oh great, he does this all the time. He always bardacles.'  
Oops I've bardacled again, now I've forgotten what I was gonna say...

*Mackenzzy Cooper, Form VI*







## A CHILD OF EIGHT

Peacefully dreaming in my warm bed,  
I wander through the night in a tranquil sleep,  
that halts when loud shouts force my eyes open.  
Familiar voices converse in an unfamiliar way.  
Back and forth,  
back and forth.  
My mother's and father's voices grow louder and louder  
as they echo down the hall and through my door.  
I can't understand why they fight.  
A tear forms in the corner of my eye  
and I can't understand the tear either.  
I have only ever cried when I fall or cut myself.  
This is a new pain,  
different.  
A hurt in my skin that throbs under my ribs.  
I collect my tiny body into a ball and wait,  
my wet cheeks dampening the pillow.  
When the yelling finally stops my body is trembling so hard  
that it shakes the bed.  
Rivers run from both my eyes and my nose.  
Saliva has gathered at the back of my throat,  
making it hard to breathe.  
I gasp in between my sobs.  
The door opens.  
I think that it is my mother, and I fill with relief.  
She walks over to me, and sits next to my little body curled up  
and hidden under the covers.  
But it is not her;  
instead it is my father who sits next to me,  
and I curl up closer into myself.  
But when he places his hand gently on my arm  
it soothes me until the tears stop and I drift back to sleep.  
Almost as if it were all a dream.

*Nicola Russell, Form VII*

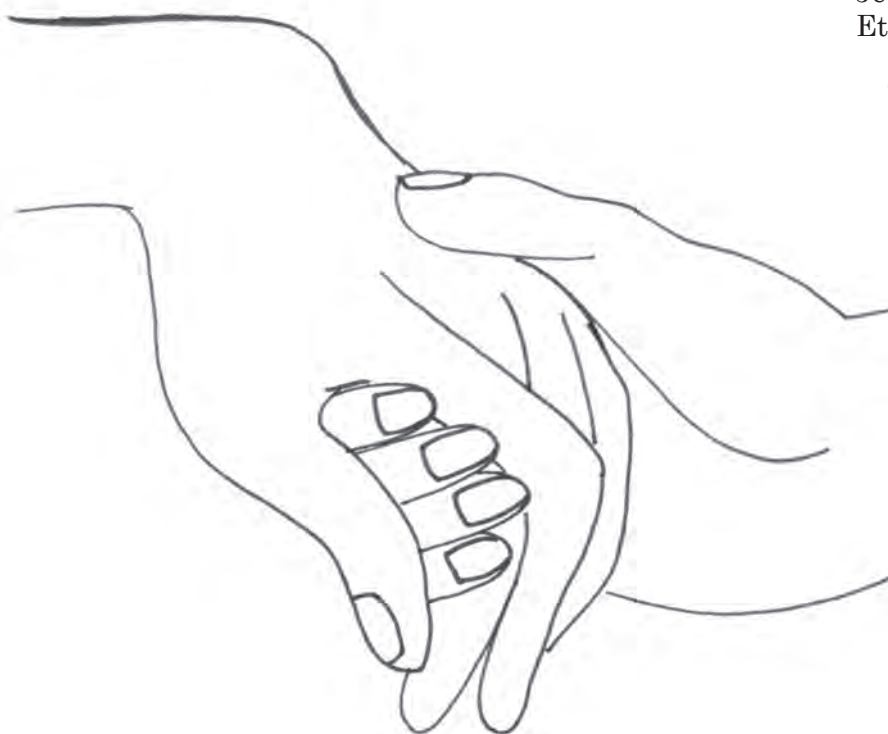


## WEDDING RING

It is amazing to see how unchanging  
the fingers of each woman are.  
Each knuckle with four wrinkles,  
each nail perfectly manicured and painted.  
I was passed down generations, a token  
from Elisabeth and her intricate braids,  
to Anne and her vibrant neck scarves,  
to Lucy and her dark smoky eyes,  
to Kate and her bright red lipstick.

Diane's cuticles, however, are ripped  
and bloody; her knuckles raw from  
a nervous tick. Her palms are sweaty,  
and there is a constant tremor in her hand.  
The day she first tried me on, her finger  
was too fat, and she blushed, embarrassed.  
Her nails are always chipped and messy,  
the passion for her own image misplaced.  
But her clammy hands still reach for his,  
still caress him absentmindedly. Her fingers  
still fondly massage his scalp as she cuts his hair  
with office scissors on a stool in the kitchen.  
She begins to take her tea as he takes his, sweet  
like his welcome-home kiss at the end of the day.  
And she still twirls me round and round her finger  
at night, a beatific smile as he falls asleep next to her.

*Julia Coote, Form V*



## L'INÉVITABLE

Je la sens arriver  
On m'a dit qu'elle viendrait.  
Je la sens arriver  
Mais je ne voulais pas y croire.

Je la sens arriver  
J'espère qu'elle prendra son temps.  
Je la sens arriver  
J'espère qu'elle se perdra en chemin.

Je la sens arriver  
Mais je ne suis pas prêt.  
Je la sens arriver  
On me dit que c'est inévitable.

Je la sens arriver  
On m'a dit qu'elle visite tout le monde un jour.  
Je la sens arriver  
Mon jour approche.

Je la sens arriver  
Elle est là.  
Je la sens arriver  
Et on partira ensemble.

*Naomi N'Soni Soucka, Form VI*



## SEPARATELY IN UNISON

Together we strive;  
alone we die.  
These are words to live by.  
In conjunction,  
we find easy function,  
isolated by choice,  
solitarily awaiting  
for someone to hear our voices.  
Whispering eyes,  
the silence in your words,  
deprived of the allure  
life has to offer.  
Living in denial,  
withdrawn from reality.

*Alexander Monteleone, Form VI*

## THE END

It is as good as your favorite tune,  
the story can go as far as the moon.  
The words keep on flowing just like a river,  
and at some point I'm sure it will make you shiver.  
But eventually it will come to an end,  
and you're going to miss your really good friend.  
So enjoy every bit of it and just keep on reading,  
you'll get to the end of this great thing called living.

*Sofia Murguia Senties, Form V*

## THE ADDRESS

*This is all the fault of the jelly I ate,*  
the chameleon tick-tacks in a loud voice.  
The spring on its back melting to the wooden floor  
grows mushrooms with the same sound and face.

Flaming lips dance with blurred eyes.  
*I love this Victorian wallpaper,* they all say,  
*it makes the room blossom with abstract spray.*  
And the bed there waiting for the second daughter,  
it reaches the ceiling with legs to grow longer.

Let's not wait for the guard to come back,  
let's float up and fly free, friend you and me,  
those white finger joints knock on the window.  
They're only parachutes with frameworks, glowing in  
the sun.

The door opens and the ocean flows out,  
buries the whole world at the bottom of the sea  
and reflects its inverted image in a mirror of surface.  
Whales go by with continents on their backs,  
wallpaper of abstract red decorates the rest.

Huge wings block the light from high above,  
oh, here comes the master butterfly.  
The crowd makes a bigger current in the Atlantic,  
following the shadow of this huge rare insect.

Dandelions float below the patterns as frameworks,  
their parachutes glow like little stars on night sky.  
It feels so happy, *I'm now very*  
*insanely happy,* whispers the skull,  
the night is so peaceful it almost replaces the hell.

*Please tell me the time since nobody is here now,*  
says the clock with a Victorian pattern on its tail.  
The mushrooms offer you the red-spray parachutes  
if the flaming lips are still the same color as their  
love.

*What will your wife blame then?* he asks.  
*She already decided to replace jelly with fondant.*  
The doorknob is turned so this time it's not the ocean,  
but you have to remember the time and keep track  
to always stay below the butterfly.

*Evangeline Zhang, Form VII*



## TRANCE

Out of the room,  
I walked,  
in a stride,  
with big  
yet light steps.

I stood,  
taller than a tree,  
straighter than  
a pin.

From my mouth,  
a tune that birds  
sang sprang out  
in a careless way.

And a shadow of  
a smile  
escaped my consciousness,  
hung rebellious  
on my face.

Jumping down the stairs,  
hurrying to tell everyone  
the good news of  
the future yet to happen.

And time,  
playing its tricks on me,  
slowed down,  
painfully lengthening  
the impatient wait.

When at last,  
it was revealed,  
fingers trembling as I  
scanned hungrily for  
an answer I knew  
and wanted.

But then,  
the heartless truth,  
like the sound of lightning  
bursting in a calm night,  
struck me.

Yet somehow I froze,  
staring blankly at the  
truth.

All that followed  
happened in blurriness –  
the smile on my face,  
in a moment  
changed by a cold  
expression.

It turned into a routine,  
I can't hear anything,  
I can't concentrate.

As if a giant cocoon wrapped  
around me,  
against my own self,  
I couldn't breathe.  
And my mind,  
suddenly blank  
– I couldn't think.

*David Yang, Form V*

## ANOTHER DAY'S END

At last she looks up, to the infinity of stars and darkness above.  
Constellations of memories,  
memories of constellations  
resurfacing as the stars  
slowly grow visible with the coming of the steady darkness.  
Settling overhead, she watches them watch her  
and watch her they do,  
as the tears spill swiftly down her flushed cheeks.

Wait, she tells them  
and wait they do,  
for they know they will soon have her amongst them,  
sparkling above with delight through the night.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*





*Drawing by Krystal Zuo, Form IV*



## MON PETIT POUPET

Indifference engulfed you like the Pacific Ocean.  
Pawns we became to each other's little game.  
"Checkmate" yet to be pronounced.

Our eyes meet, then darken. Two fallen angels, one  
looking for light, the other for the easy way out.  
Cowardice drips from you, like sweat on a summer's day.

You are about as desirable as the flu,  
yet I find myself seeking infection every second of every day.  
This inner conflict slowly wears at my brain.

You're the snake I try so desperately to escape from.  
Unknowingly, your presence slithers around my person,  
squeezing and squeezing until I can no longer breathe.

Life slowly starts to make sense. I realize  
that all is nothing but a show, and  
today, my name is Puppet Master.

Dance, puppet, dance. I created this game, I  
made the rules, and I will forever  
be the victor.

*Didi M'Bow, Form V*

## HEAVEN OUT OF HELL

How sharp love is.  
Passion, like a blade pressed against a swollen  
wound. Such poise.  
How incredibly subtle does it grow;  
as effortless as taking a seat in the wrong chair.  
The adrenaline you feel, like when you get too  
comfortable  
and lean back and, for a moment, when it feels  
like you're about to

fall  
backwards and hard and split your head down  
the middle;  
you freeze frame.

This is the moment that you live in constantly.  
This is a warning,  
a yellow hazard sign on the edge of a highway,  
those ones that you speed past without remark.  
You are fuelled by risk,  
push harder, your jaw tight, ears hard  
with sounds of your own blood rushing.  
You would do it over and over  
and that's what is scary and enthralling all at the  
same time.  
I have been given a personal tour of Hell  
but I've twisted it into a paradise.

*Julia Coote, Form V*



## KEY WORD “WAS”

A wave crashing down,  
washing away everything in its  
path.  
A rose,  
growing in a patch of sunflowers.  
Or the constant ticking of a clock.  
My love for you  
was all of these things.

*Didi M'Bow Form V*







## You

Your eyes  
are the light  
at the end  
of a dark tunnel;  
your smile,  
pearls  
at the bottom  
of the sea;  
you to me,  
everything good  
I didn't  
have before.

*Quinn Ross, Form V*



## HIM

"I'm sorry" he said  
red eyes starting to  
burn  
try to swallow it  
but instead pours a rapid flowing waterfall

He walked away from you  
not even stopping to turn back  
I stood by your side  
I kept holding you while he wouldn't  
But I stayed

Deep pain  
hits the back of your throat  
the lump  
the feeling  
just before you long to cry out

He just let go  
but I held onto your hand  
and I will never let go,  
even when I want to  
I will stay

Hands become blurry  
as they shake  
rapidly  
from fear

He wouldn't explain  
but I did  
I told you the how what where and when  
but he didn't say anything  
because I already did  
does this mean anything yet?

Outside  
tears freeze to the  
sides of your face  
they stick there like warm tongues  
on cold metal

He took away everything  
But I gave you warm hugs  
And long conversations  
The kisses goodnight  
And the help you needed  
At least I gave something

Slowly your knees lock  
and you hit the ground  
the cold clay  
clashes with your shins

He just left walked away ran to an unknown place  
but I didn't  
I came running walking and left  
to come find you  
I did  
and I won't leave

Noses run  
and begin to drip  
whimpers arise  
weakness becomes stronger  
slowly you melt between my fingers  
like fallen snow that melts  
from the touch of a warm hand

He wouldn't look back to see how you were  
but I stared  
I took my eyes  
and brought them closer to yours  
I made sure every tear  
was wiped away  
and never seen again

Don't let the sadness  
drip from your eyes  
he doesn't deserve to  
to see you this  
magnificent

But I do.

*Zöe Bendy, Form IV*





## WATER

I can't breathe.  
Water fills my lungs.  
I place my hand  
on the white walls.  
It feels like air,  
I'm unable to balance.

I think of you.

Your eyes  
take me,  
my breath,  
all the air, away.

Your warmth  
takes away my oxygen,  
fills my lungs  
with water.

Your touch is  
like a fairy tale,  
but it hurts me  
to think of that touch  
on my skin,  
brings me warmth,  
that burns fire to my core.  
My love for you  
leaves blisters when you go.

I crave your touch.  
My heart and soul  
hold onto each moment.  
It's intoxicating.  
I want more  
each time we touch.

I'm balanced with you.  
Once you leave,  
I trip and fall.  
I can't be alone  
with my darkness.  
I can't be anywhere at all.

Bye, my love.

*Quinn Ross, Form V*



# The Reality of Blame

*A speech to a group of international journalists*

*by Kaitlin Corbeil*

How many times has someone from this room presented themselves before an audience and spoken or written a column about international conflicts, human rights violations, war, self-confidence, influence, and so on? We talk about these things, blaming society, religious views, political figures, anyone but ourselves. Has no one realized that all of them, all of those behind these upsetting notions are really, essentially, us? We've all offered our opinions on these matters, have we not? If it is those political figures that we are shaming, are we not the ones who have elected them? Checked their name on a ballot, fully aware of what we were doing? Those who act are really only those who, in a way, have the courage and audacity to put what some of us say into action. We are the ones that started the wars; we are the ones that have beaten and enslaved. We are those that condemn and blame anyone but ourselves.

You may be disagreeing with me now. I know that for all of you, the fact that you have not personally done anything to cause harm to the world means that it is not your fault, this being the main reason for all our blaming. However, the world is one, is it not? When we talk about society creating norms and such, we say it as if society is some stranger, but aren't we the ones who make up this society?

For a moment, let us think about the concept of cancer. Now it is said that we all have sickness in us, a cancer of some sort. This means that this cancer living inside us is made of the same stuff that makes up our tissues and bones. It is not always active nor may it ever become active, but it is there, dormant and dangerous. All of those who have seen, had or been close to someone with cancer know that when it is awakened, there is often no stopping it from taking its course, whatever result it may have. Now look at the world, the earth itself being a body, and us, being the cancer inhabiting it. When there is peace, we are dormant, just there, not having any effect. When we become active; spreading desolation and destruction in any form, that is when we begin to take our course. We, the world like a body, are poisoning

ourselves as long as we do not accept the fact that we are all to blame, and take the necessary measures to ensure that we have no reason to in the future.

There is obviously evil in the world. From the monsters beneath our beds to natural disasters to horrific historical events. There are what we consider beasts and villains and all of those figures that we used to have nightmares about when we were children. They scare us and they hurt us but never have we said that they are us. There always seems to be something bigger than us, something else to blame. But to be blamed, you must do. Have you ever had the feeling, the one that

you get out of nowhere, the desire to do something, not just to sit idle and pensive but to take action and to create something concrete? So many times I have found myself itching to do something, to make something happen instead of thinking about it. For some, this may be following a dream, inventing something, or simply putting a pen to paper and

physically outlining your greatest desires, wants and fears. It is easy for us to say things, to present our opinions on a matter, but the difference between that and actually doing something is great.

There are many things that make us blame: jealousy, anger, self-righteousness, fear and simply not being able to own up to something that may make us feel ashamed. My question is, how does following a dream, or acting in spite of something you believe in, make these feelings valid reasons to point the finger at someone else? Who are we, the speakers, to blame those who chose to act instead of speak? I am not saying that doing something ensures validation for the act; all I am saying is that it does deserve some amount of acknowledgement, and at times, respect.

Dear journalists, I believe that it is time we look at everything that is going on around us. We must stop our poisoning and instead, find a cure. Stop yourself before you begin to blame someone else. As William Golding said in *Lord of the Flies*, "Maybe there is a beast... What I'm saying is... maybe it is only us." Now is the time to acknowledge this fact, before it is too late.

*"Maybe," he said hesitantly,  
"maybe there is a beast...  
What I'm saying is...  
maybe it is only us."*

*– William Golding,  
Lord of the Flies*



## BLUE

Honestly I just do not have a clue  
what we all have against the colour blue.  
We say it's depression, a kind of sadness,  
we think it has nothing to do with gladness,  
but I know that blue means the birds in the sky,  
I know it means bliss, take a look and see why.  
When it comes time for nightfall it's prettier still,  
the stars they will shine, and shine brightly they will.

The ocean is also a nice shade of blue  
and the sun makes it glitter as if it were new.  
With the tide coming in, it's a beautiful day  
to stay on the beach where we like to lay.

You see that this colour, it takes me places.  
When I hear its name I remember faces  
of beautiful people and beautiful things  
and with just a colour it could give you wings.

From bundles or blankets to stars in the sky,  
and chirping and songs from the birds that can fly.  
So why blame your sadness on the colour blue,  
'cause this colour believes that you're beautiful too.

*Isolde Macfarlane, Form II*





## CAMPFIRE DREAMING

He will never be happier than this.  
Enchanted, bowing the taut cords of his oakwood fiddle –  
up, down, up, down – his skillful fingers fly.

The great campfire drifts away from his mind in a haze,  
as he gets lost in his smoky rhythm  
next to the roaring blaze.

His mind goes to sleep, languidly rocked by the music.  
The rich notes trill like wine coursing through his veins.  
Up, down, up, down, his skillful fingers fly.

His feet start to shuffle forward and back to the beat of the ballad,  
nerves thrilling as he dips his body to the lyrics of his fiddle,  
jigging along next to the blazing campfire.

Then in his bleary mind he spies a wee youth,  
staring at him with eyes as bright as the hot coals.  
Up, down, up, down, his skillful fingers fly.

Suddenly his mind clears crystalline as hot cinders fly.  
Capacious flames consume yet another hollow log  
as he lays fiddle and bow on a stump, and sits, drained.

*Donovan Faraoni, Form III*



## REFUGE

It is in the depths of sleep  
far off in the layers of the dark  
that we reach a haven from the tedious night.

The ridges in sheets  
like dunes of sand,  
mountainous veins  
mapping the expanse of the desert  
shifting as they please.

The flutter of an eye lash;  
a delicate skirt  
bordering the plane of an eyelid,  
veil the images that come  
giving us the truth of one's sub-conscious.

To quiet the mind is to let ourselves  
be vulnerable to the stars.  
Such a world is the night,  
such a life is sleep,  
to which we consecrate our minds.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*

*Photograph by Romy Zeitlinger, Form VII*



## AN IMPOSTER'S CRIES

Here I am, unhappy.  
There is no explanation,  
no meaning for my sorrow.  
A roof above my head;  
all fortune in the world;  
the men and women cheer for me,  
as I sing alluring pieces.

Yet unhappy I am.  
Living in a world so crowded never have I felt so  
alone.  
Living in a place where everyone loves me how I feel  
abhorred.

I launched my vocal chords, *be gentle, be tender to your heart.*  
Yet  
my words, my phrases, *my cries of song,*  
are not mine.

A piece of forgery, I am.

An imposter I am whose self-respect is an empty jar.  
An empty dusty jar that has been  
untouched for years  
and *years* on end.  
How I seek to fill the jar!  
How I desire to reassure myself with  
self-confidence and self-appreciation.

How long shall I wait for self-love?  
Shall I wait until I fade away and the wind  
carries my voice?  
How I wait to fade.

*Sabrina Turrin, Form V*

## AN UNDISCLOSED MOMENT

She is a smokescreen,  
a filter to everyone around her,  
sometimes even herself.  
Guarded. Wary.  
It exhausts her,  
but she plays the part perfectly.  
Until the curtain falls  
and she is shrouded,  
wrapped in blankets of shadows.  
Only then does she let the sorrow spill  
out of her heart, out of her body.  
Only a moment of delicate fragility  
has she allowed herself,  
before her face becomes stone,  
a mask for others to paint.

*Julia Coote, Form V*

## REALITY

The pain of sudden sharpness,  
a sudden reality,  
like a knife to the back,  
a hole so small  
like the eye of a needle,  
slowly growing with the passing of things,  
the sides crumbling away  
to reveal a gaping hole that engulfs from  
the inside,  
the retreat, slow and harmless  
but ever so devastating,  
like a butterfly,  
a last sign of reality  
simply drifts away to the deafening crack,  
the sound of sanity breaking.

*Kaitlin Corbeil, Form V*





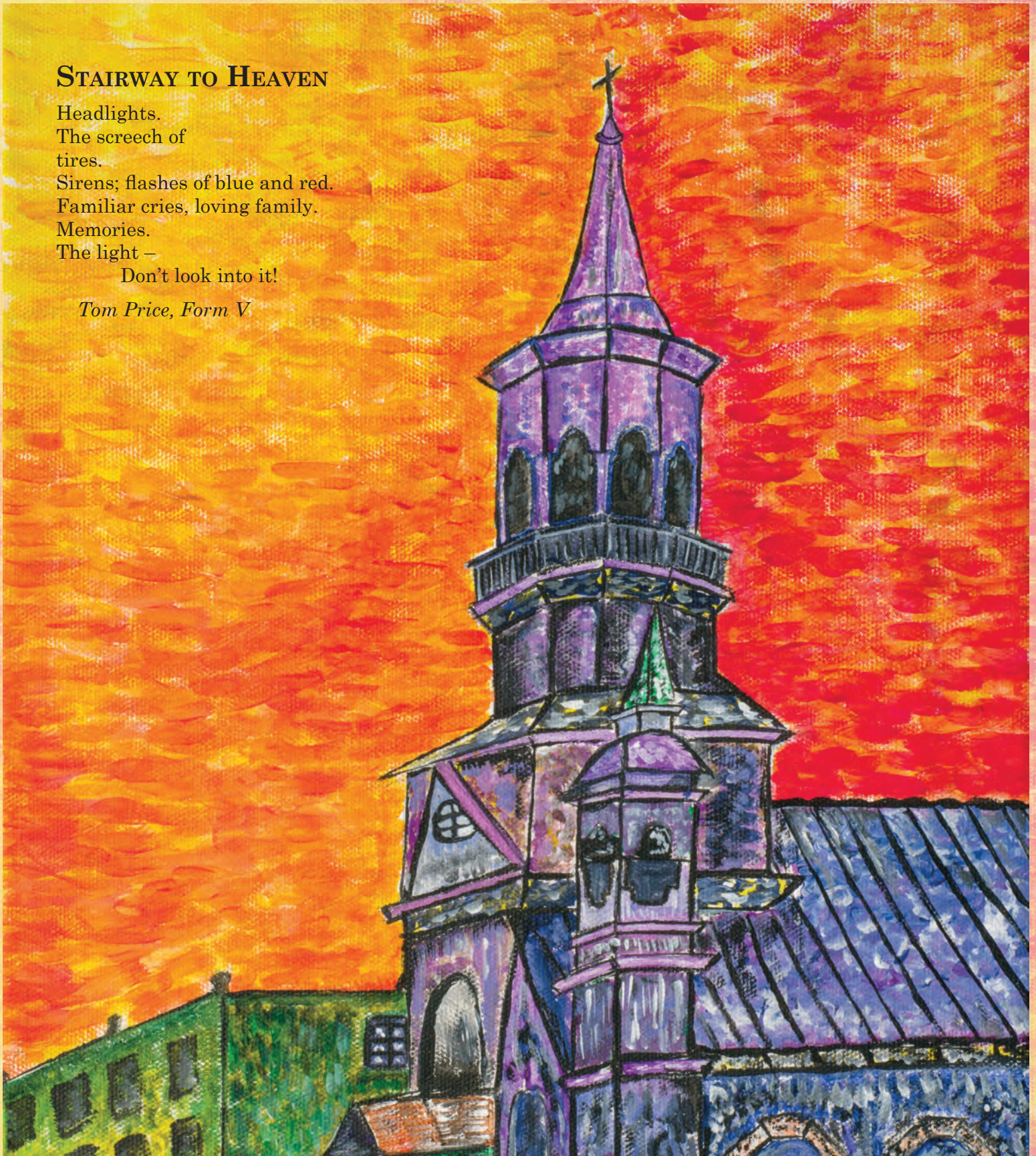
*Painting by Jingwen Mou, Form V*



## STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

Headlights.  
The screech of  
tires.  
Sirens; flashes of blue and red.  
Familiar cries, loving family.  
Memories.  
The light –  
Don't look into it!

*Tom Price, Form V*





## UNBROKEN

Your virgin mother holding you in her water-like arms,  
made you feel like the remembrance of God's existence.  
Protected from the queer-looking creature's shelter,  
you slept in the sun-scorched hay  
waiting to share your heartfelt message.

Your naissance is like the invention of the A-bomb.  
In The Almighty's laboratory,  
a work in progress is what you are,  
and you stay unbroken.  
As if you are meaningless, people didn't believe in you.

The gloaming light,  
sparkling,  
kept your parents awake  
to make sure your story would be told  
throughout the generations.

Just like the creation of our existence,  
you are unexplainable.  
Our questions are unanswerable.  
The message from Gabriel,  
was it even logical?

Your life is a fantasy,  
waiting to be reality.  
Sleeping so peacefully,  
people are anticipating the future  
you are supposed to create.

*Alexandre Lambert, Form V*

## WAITING..

The waiting room stank of medicine,  
coffee,  
and anticipation.  
The television displayed scenes  
from Bugs Bunny,  
adding the least bit of colour  
to the lifeless room.  
The clicking of footsteps  
coming from the hall  
intensified the speed of my heartbeat,  
and sent anxious nerve impulses  
down my spine.  
This space had been silent for hours.  
The doctor turned into the room  
as we all shifted awkwardly.  
My mother stood,  
rushed and stiffened,  
awaiting the news.  
His face was worn out,  
creased with wrinkles  
that appeared much too early.  
Hushed words were passed,  
the eyes of Doctor  
revealing little sleep.

The doctor left the room;  
we rushed over to her as  
her only support.  
Her knees buckled;  
she rested herself on us.  
She left us,  
emotionally alone,  
only to guess my grandfather's state.

*Taylor Merrithew, Form VII*





## LÀ POUR TOI

Le sol est toujours là pour toi  
Malgré tout, il reste fidèle  
Toujours sous tes pieds,  
Il te garde bien dressé  
Jamais il ne te décevra.

Par contre, tu es un profiteur  
Égoïste, négligent, insouciant  
Tu ne sembles pas avoir de miséricorde  
Pour cette Terre que tu blesses perpétuellement  
Ton dommage est fait.

Tes déchets sont répandus partout  
Infiltrés dans le sol, les polluants assassinent les  
espèces qui y sont réfugiées  
Les dégâts graves empoisonnent les terrains  
Comment ne peux-tu pas t'en rendre compte?  
Le pauvre sol devient de plus en plus malade.

La propreté se fait rare  
Toi, l'humain  
Tu ne penses pas à ta santé  
Finiras-tu par comprendre?  
Que ton cher ami ne sera plus là pour te soutenir...

*Maia Fortin Xu, Form IV*

## TRAPPED

Searching the eyes of someone who's dead,  
you yearn for the life to escape,  
to seep from the edges,  
and come to dance in the fields –  
but it is gone,  
trapped behind the death.

*Violetta Zeitlinger-Fontana, Form II*



## Ô OR NOIR

Ô Or noir

Tu as le don de changer le cours de l'histoire  
Tu rends l'homme encore plus fou que l'eau-de-vie  
Tu as le pouvoir de créer la dispute entre les  
géants de ce monde

Ou de faire émerger de nouvelles puissances

Tel l'Himalaya, tu effraies la planète par  
ton hégémonie

Tel l'amour, tes hauts rendent la vie en rose  
Et, quand tu pars, ces mêmes hommes pleurent le  
temps de la prospérité.

Les grands et les petits s'abreuvent en toi, tel un  
enfant buvant le sein de sa mère

Ta recherche saccage ta sœur  
Ton extraction épuise ta mère  
Ton déversement sonne la fin pour ton frère et  
ceux qui vivent en lui  
Et tes émissions affaiblissent ta cousine

Le temps t'a formé avec la patience d'une mère  
élevant son enfant

Le mortel t'extirpe comme si tu étais immortel  
Ton inexistence est impossible à imaginer  
Car sans toi, nous ne sommes plus.

L'être humain t'a aperçu plus tard que le reste  
de ta famille

Mais, depuis ta découverte, ton renom  
n'est plus à faire

On tente de te remplacer par tous les moyens,  
mais cela prendra des années

Tu es devenu la drogue de ce monde

*Luciano Ayala Valani, Form IV*





## PATIENCE

Pick your battles.

Everyone  
will  
try to  
frazzle  
you.

Keep  
patient.

You  
are  
expected  
to  
take control.

*Gabriel Lemieux, Form V*



*Artwork by Rida Dzhaafar, Form V*



## LOCKDOWN

Fear I hear.  
Sit they do  
from locked doors and windows

Steps I hear.  
Steps Click and clACK  
in the halls and staircases

Shots I hear.  
BURSTS next door and cries  
utter silence follows

Blink I do.  
See the dead around me  
no breaths no heartbeats

The killer I see.  
In front of me, smiling,  
laughing he is

HERE THE DEATH IS      RIGHT IN FR O NT OF ME      RIGHT IN MY REFLECTION.

*Sabrina Turrin, Form V*

away

outside

emit

here





## I AM YOUR ANYTHING

I am your microscope.  
I see everything you can't.  
I can get a close-up of something you could never imagine,  
that you wouldn't think existed.  
I can see the impossible.

I am chemistry.  
I let you love me.  
I connect something that would not connect alone.  
I make a relationship.  
I make two atoms meet.  
I make them become a molecule.  
I make them happy,  
and I also make you happy.

I am your lab.  
I let you manipulate me.  
I let you experiment.  
I let you go without limits.  
I let you dream and I let you realize  
that there is more than there actually is.

I am your telescope.  
I see miracles and fantasies.  
I see things you can only see in your sleep.  
I make dreams come to life.  
I give you something, anything, from another world.

I am your energy.  
I can become anything,  
be anything.  
I can push things away,  
and bring things together.  
I have an idea of this world,  
and I can make it happen.

*Fiona Mercure, Form II*

## THE RACE

the gun goes off  
and we go on  
off we go,  
books and all  
“bang”  
we hear it once more,  
the race has started  
we push and shove  
to reach our destination  
we must reach our destination

we are the racers  
this is the track  
we strive  
to be the best

all together  
or to each our own  
the gun goes off  
and we go on

*Trinity-Ann Merrithew, Form V*





*Painting by Samantha Molnar, Form VI*



## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

...says never give up  
Be strong  
Be who you are

but i am not strong  
i don't know who i am

i am simple  
and have no dreams  
no desires

simply a girl  
Who doesn't know anything  
like what man discovered the watch  
or who began the stars

all i know is i am not strong  
not enough for this or any world  
not enough to succeed

at least  
that's what They all tell me

i think They might be right  
They know things

They tell the truth  
not some writing on the wall

*Emma Crowther, Form IV*







## GIVE YOU THE WORLD

my dear I wish that I could give  
to you the whole wide world  
with stars and seas and butterflies  
their pretty wings unfurled

but if I learn to fly today  
I still could not just take  
the universe and change it  
for I fear that it would waste

all the beauty of the earth  
I like it as it is  
and just because it's not yours  
does not mean that it is his

I cannot give you the stars  
nor the sparkle of the sea  
I cannot give you the clouds  
better leave them as they be

for if anything were changed  
we could not sit and enjoy  
the sunset on our backs  
my dear the world is not our toy

let's you and I enjoy it  
and leave it as it is  
because while we are not capable  
there's someone else who is

*Isolde Macfarlane, Form II*



## REMEMBER

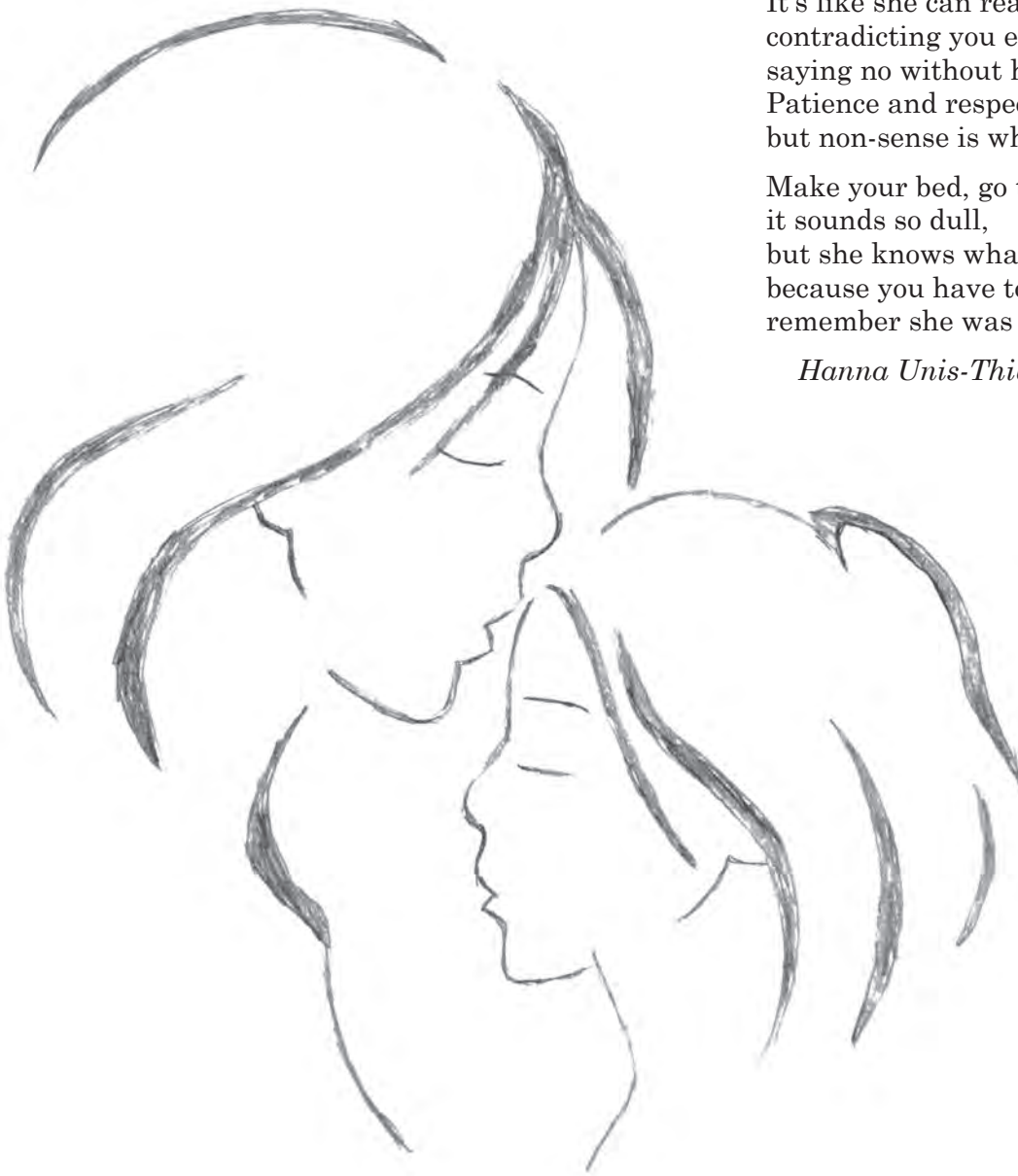
Remember she was a girl just like you,  
she wore the shoes you have on your feet  
and she carried the same purse you have around your arm.

The boy you like –  
she knows all about him –  
for she liked him too.  
She gives you advice that might seem unrealistic,  
trying to save you  
from the tears she once shed.

It's like she can read your mind,  
contradicting you every time you both argue,  
saying no without hesitation to inviting friends over.  
Patience and respect is what she is teaching you  
but non-sense is what you get out of it.

Make your bed, go to sleep, clean your room –  
it sounds so dull,  
but she knows what it takes to make it,  
because you have to  
remember she was a girl just like you.

*Hanna Unis-Thibault, Form V*







## MEADOW

I wish that I was living somewhere far away from here,  
in a green and grassy meadow that has never seen a tear,  
a place that's full of happiness where no one's ever blue,  
but I don't think I could go there unless I went with you.  
We'd laugh and dance under the sun, with no worries and no cares.  
We'd never feel let down again; angry, sad, or scared;  
so if one day you find yourself feeling down and blue,  
remember that someday I'll be in that meadow with you.

*Isolde Macfarlane, Form II*



## MY CHILDHOOD POND

The sun fades away to the horizon.  
I see the orange sunshine pouring  
over my childhood pond.

My source of joy, my fountain of sweetness –  
Limpid and green –  
lights up a kid's little world,  
and fills me with delight.

In my memory,  
there are white swans,  
gorgeous and carefree,  
floating on the green water,  
paddling with their black feet.  
They bend their white necks,  
and sing to the blue sky.

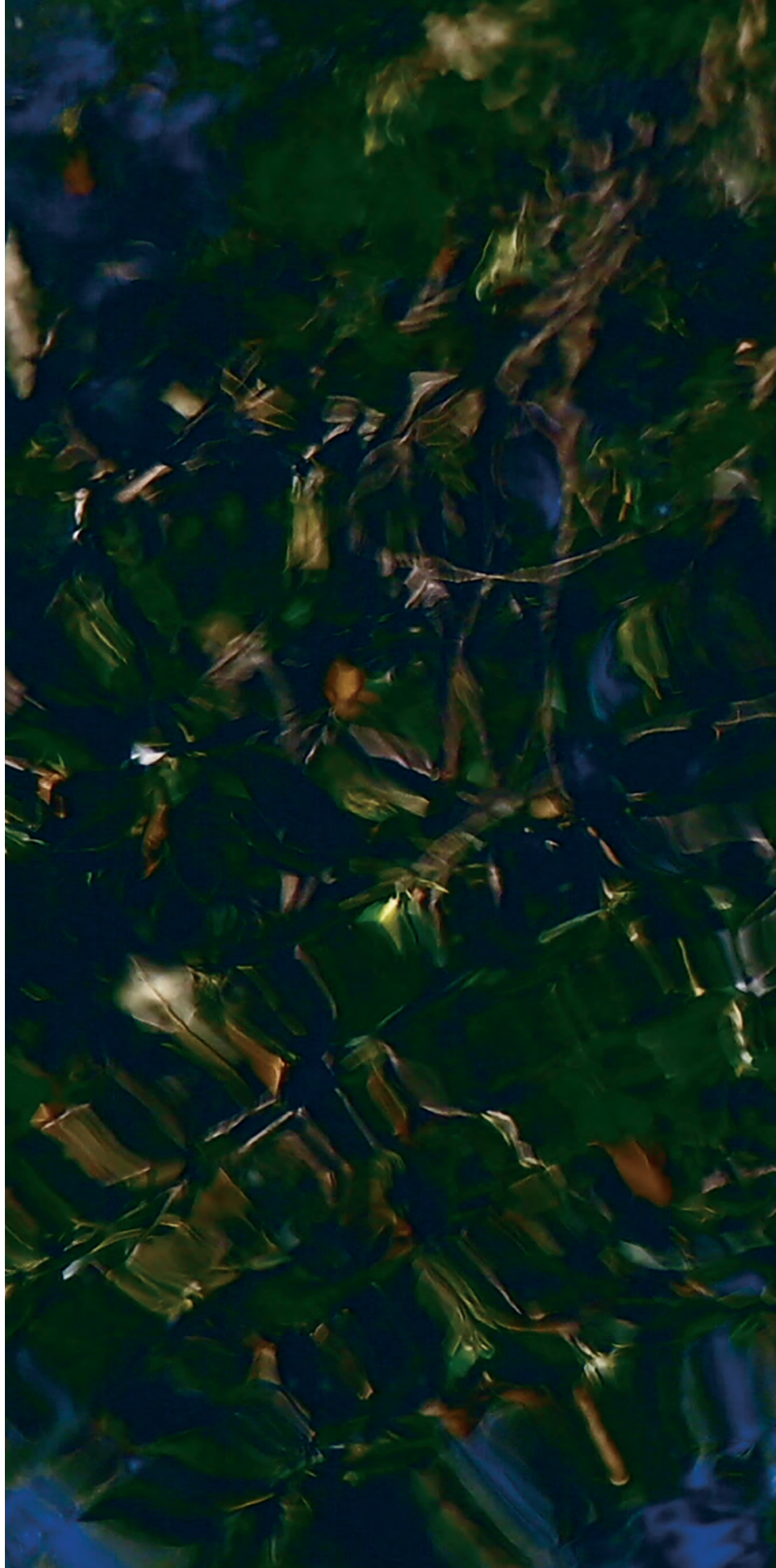
I clap my hands.  
The swans turn to me  
with their curiosities.  
In these swans,  
I see innocence  
as pure as crystals.

I stay with them every day.  
We listen to the rains together.  
We observe the sunset clouds together.  
We feel the gentle strokes of the wind together.  
We smell the aroma of autumn together.  
I love these times,  
and I hope I can stay with them forever.

However, the following day,  
I can feel something has gone.  
I ask my mom, and she tells me  
they have to leave,  
because winter is coming.  
I am still sad; I lost my best friends.

I return, as usual,  
but there are only yellow leaves  
on the pond.  
I sigh,  
and turn back toward home.  
I walk slowly, head down  
under the dark and cloudy sky.

*Marcus Zhang, Form VI*







*Photograph by Diana Olga Cintora Dewez, Form VI*



## AN AVERSION TO POETRY

the lack of rules, but requirement of language  
i get a confused concussed congregation in my head  
and that's just when I try to use the alliteration

symbols symbolically symbolise symbolism  
lessons now drilled straight through my cranium  
this isn't hyperbole either

then modernism sticks itself in  
                    with awkward shapes all over the page  
                    new forms and ways to get in shape

now come the required clichés  
the ones of love in similes and metaphors

(don't say I did this willingly)

love is like broken glass  
it hurts when not handled with care

that's the simile now for metaphor

you're a bull of a man  
and you have the heart of the devil

especially since you're reading this

my meter is everywhere  
my stanzas don't make sense

i have nothing of the following:  
Iambic Trochaic Pentatonic

neither do I have rhyming couplets  
as hard to get as baby quadruplets

my lines per stanza have changed now  
my ideas are all over the place

i really do love short stories  
why don't we do those  
                                    anymore?

*Mackenzey Cooper, Form VI*

## THE POEM

The paper bleeds ink,  
lines that form letters,  
letters that form words,  
words that form a poem;  
this poem.

The air nearly asphyxiates us,  
leaving us frantic and gasping  
and produces the frenzied thoughts  
that will eventually lead to  
Shakespearean plays.

The pen, a dagger.  
Used to carve, to shred and stab.  
Ink blots mix with pieces of  
our flesh and soul  
and draw the hurt to the surface.

The poem reaches into us;  
our heart, our soul,  
tightly clamps onto our secret  
and wrenches it out  
as destructively as possible.

The words on the sheet,  
never our own, are theirs.  
They borrow our  
(self) inflicted pain  
and produce a dark and wicked beauty.

*Julia Coote, Form V*





75,000, the other sold for \$180,000. They lost out \$40,000 collectively on those houses, when had *real human being* buyers—not investors—wanting to buy these homes to live in them. They ended up selling them to *investors* for \$40,000 less the auction. Because the money is tied into portfolio or a package, so they just dump it.” Who was to blame for the insanity in this decision-making? Banking officials, not brokers, buyers’ agents, overanxious consumers were guilty parties. Parceling out the consequences were the consequences of greed, or fiscal recklessness was the task. In the end, no matter how many members could never fully understand. Rebel saw it all as a reckoning. “When a mortgage goes bad, your ratios are about it. I’ll get it and say your problem. I’ll you think I can’t tell you insurance are at

HARDY

OUTLINE  
ZAWOW BOU  
E TOOO BOU  
NSWEY.  
SURVEY.

ns do it too  
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derived by



# ZEALOT

*A short story by  
Nicolas Molina McLeod-Brittain, Form V*

## ***Inveterate***

It was cloudy out, providing me relief as I needed to exercise but I burn easily. I walked past the buildings, rushing pedestrians, the little shops, by parked cars. I took a detour through the park, as I do enjoy the green every once in a while. Slowing down my pace to enjoy the scenery, I walked by the flowers. I walked by benches. The statue. I walked by you, and I walked by trees. I kept walking. I kept walking and took the long route home. I then made myself a smoothie and got some work done and went to sleep, just like any day.

## ***Cognizance***

I walked by you again, and I noticed you again. I wasn't paying attention to what you were doing at the time, but I noticed that you were at the park again. And then it happened again, and again, and again. You kept showing up, always there. Just like the benches, just like the trees, the flowers, and the statue. You became part of that park to me. I expected you. I searched for you.

## ***Engrossing***

You were always at the park. You were always alone, but you always kept yourself busy. You read books; you watered the plants even though, to my knowledge, you are not a groundskeeper. I saw you sitting, enjoying an ice cream and listening to music. I even saw you sketching little pictures, of what I do not know. I went from acknowledging you to taking an interest in you. My feelings for you could only be described as curiosity – not amity of any sort – just curiosity, albeit an intense curiosity nonetheless.

## ***System***

I had reached the point where I had actually lost weight because of you. Every day for the past month and a half I had walked or jogged just to get a look at you and what you were doing on that particular day at that particular time. I had reached the point where I would take a fifteen-minute break at the park just so that I might observe you for those fifteen minutes. You had officially become part of my schedule.



### ***Anomalous***

For half an hour I watched you, and for half an hour you did nothing. For half an hour you did not move, you did not take your hands out of your pockets, you did not remove your leaning head from the bark of the tree. You just stood there in front of the tree. I sat on a bench at first, watching you; waiting. I grew tired of watching your immobile back; I decided to get a look at you from the side, and I did. Much to my surprise, your eyes were wide open and your lips were moving. I was captivated and perplexed by this, so I stayed a little bit longer. You didn't seem to notice me. I'm glad you didn't, because if you did you would start to recognize me in the park, and eventually realize that I was watching you every day. That would be unfortunate.

### ***Infatuation***

I depended on you. I often caught myself thinking of you. You were so enigmatic. At first I thought you were just a person at a park, but you became so much more. You started displaying such erratic behaviour, which only left me wanting more. What are you? What happened to you? Why did you do such things? You started talking to trees, ripping flowers from the ground, and then picking fights with women. I was concerned about you, but I was more than willing to let you continue down this path because watching you was what I looked forward to most every day of the week.

### ***Hunt***

It had suddenly occurred to me that I knew what you do and where you do it, but I did not know how long you had been doing it, nor why you did so. This thought preyed upon me for several days until I could not resist. The following Saturday I stayed near the park for the entire day. I brought my own food. I brought a book. I was ready. It was getting dark and the last of the people were leaving, so I left too, because I didn't want to make it obvious I was there for you. I waited by the main gate of the park. I waited and waited, but you did not show. I proceeded to search the park, but you were not there. You had escaped from me.

### ***Disquiet***

I did not see you after that. I continued going to the park, but you did not. I visited the park multiple times a day and you were never there. For weeks I waited for you at the park for hours at a time; sometimes I did not leave the park until the sun came up. I punished myself for not doing something when I had the chance. But the longer I stayed, the less I believed you would return. I feared the worst had happened.

### ***Surmount***

I had started gaining the weight back, so I decided to start running again. Always making a visit to the park, keeping an eye out. I had grown accustomed to not seeing you at the park anymore. Your absence no longer upset me. It had been three months since your disappearance; I had weathered it. I began living a regular life again.

### ***Palliation***

I saw you yesterday. I saw you sitting on a bench enjoying a snow-cone and listening to music. You were gaunt and pale, you had bags under your eyes, and you had no hair. But you were smiling, and that made me smile. You were back. I wanted to stop, but I kept on running and did not turn back. I will not return to the park. I will find another route. Maybe if I hadn't been watching you from afar for months I could have approached you. Maybe if I hadn't obsessed over you I could have interacted with you. Maybe if I hadn't spent the past three months getting over you I could have spoken to you. But this is done – we are done. I can't and I won't search for you again. It wouldn't be healthy for me and it could be potentially dangerous for you. But it was nice to see you again. And I'm glad you're okay. I hope you're okay. I need you to be okay.





*Artwork by Rui Shi, Form V*



## BOTTLE IT UP

The top  
is sealed,  
the cork  
in place.  
The screw  
spirals in  
to pop the  
top and let  
it breathe.  
You hang  
up the phone  
and put away  
the glass. You are  
drinking from the  
bottle tonight. She did  
this to you. It wasn't your  
fault. I can help. Just tilt me  
back and let me into your  
drunken mind. You're slurring  
your words now. You sound  
like a fool. With your phone  
back in one hand and me still in  
the other, you desperately call.  
You take breaks between taking  
full gulps of me and yelling at  
her. You throw me to the floor,  
shattering, but I am empty. I lie  
on the ground as you grab your  
keys on your way out the front  
door. It slams behind you.

*Brendan Barritt, Form VII*

## HER EYES

Those blue and green eyes  
with yellow in the middle  
remind me of the Sun's reflection  
on the middle of the lake  
turning the blue water into green.

*Javier Iriso Villamor, Form III*

## LEAVE MY SOUL

I am thinking of **you**. Pictures of you are perhaps why.  
It hurts not knowing why. Am I still on your mind?  
I am near Exhausted, I am lost and alone .  
This Friday night, such a delight to be alone .  
Everyone was stunned when I told them I wanted to be on my own.  
They are all having fun, I am becoming n u m b.

A tear  
trickled  
down  
my cheek,

I am becoming weak.  
Though **you** are the only one I wish I could somewhere meet,  
**you** are also the only one I could brutalise.

Isn't it *sweet*?  
I shouldn't miss **you**, after all the pain I went through.  
Tired I am, tired I am of the thought of **you**.

Tired, perhaps **you** are too.  
It is now late, night late.  
If **you** hear me,

don't.

*Laury Tellier, Form V*





## REPLACEMENT

A goldfish died  
In an empty bowl  
Like you  
Did in a fog of lies  
It's okay  
I'll be waiting  
Thinking about the planets  
You will become  
While I look up  
To the nude  
Standing in my room

*William Lynn, Form VII*



## THE HUNTER

Crunch

Crunch

The leaves were no match for his feet, they let out **wails** of agony after each step.

After each step, he makes his feet lighter, soon, the wails cannot be heard.

Then softly he breaks into a run going faster and faster and faster all the while not making a noise...

Here he sees the light reflecting off the river his figure illuminated by it.

He stops, it was a **sloppy** stop but they didn't notice.

He likes this place

He will wait here

Just biding his time...

Until he **STRIKES**.

*Julien Rougerie, Form V*





# IMPOSSIBLY HUMAN

*A personal essay by Julia Coote, Form V*

Our ultimate human weakness is ourselves. It's our conscience, made to contradict our own thoughts. We're hypocritical masochists with a determination to be ignorant. To a degree, we know that we're imperfect, but there's this hope within us, a deadly hope, that one day we will achieve perfection. When we fail, we hope that it will get better, and when it doesn't we deny thought of such failure. Ignorance is our excuse, our escape.

We distract ourselves from the idea of hopelessness and work towards perfection anyways. We give ourselves a goal, however impossible, in order to feel like we have more power in this world than we actually do. The only way we feel like we're closer to flawlessness is to compete with each other and ourselves, to consistently evolve.

Last summer, for example, I was determined to exceed my previous capabilities of defying my parents. Of course, there was nothing spectacularly unique about my goals for the holiday, as I was fifteen years old and rebelling against authority was an insignificantly ordinary expectation for teenagers.

The day in question was hot and sticky and generally not ideal for a long bike ride. However, I had an unwavering faith that something significant would happen that day, so I went anyways.

The ride seemed longer than it actually lasted. The eighteen-kilometer ride quickly became a slow, thoughtless routine, my legs cycling on the pedals distractedly. My eyes were irresponsibly tracking the leaves on the trees. They were green, and I remember thinking about what they would smell like, had I stopped to reach out and touch them. My memories of the bike ride consisted of these leaves, image upon image, still inexplicably detailed in my mind.

When I finally arrived at my destination, my friend met me and together, we walked across town, down the middle of the deserted streets, to the tree.



The tree is well-known in the town of North Hatley. It is a jumping tree, overhanging the lake. Each adolescent, to earn the definition rightfully, jumps from the tree into the water across from an overlooking outdoor restaurant. There is a rock, dangerously close that you must avoid. It is the hushed secrets such as these that you learn by word of mouth.

It is not just my generation that participated in this ritual, this inauguration; some of our parents started it. Although prohibited, the action is generally overlooked by any figure of authority.

We stopped at the fence separating the tree from the public. We undressed down to our bikinis and put our belongings on the sidewalks. Barefoot, we scaled the fence, climbed over it, and descended the cinder blocks below.

When we reached the tree, we silently grasped hands. They were both clammy, but neither of us mentioned it. There was an unspoken understanding; we were both afraid (not that we would admit it, we blamed it on being excited). Our fear was of failure. We were afraid that we wouldn't fulfill the true classification of adolescent. We had chosen our time, and there was no going back. Suspended in the air on a high branch, we understood that we were not in control anymore.

This act represented our change, our growth into the next stage of life. Jumping would mean that life would present whole new possibilities; our eyes would be truly opened to previously invisible things.

We stood on the high precipice, countless times counting down from three, nerves hesitating at the last second. However, we could not let this uncertainty mean that we were unprepared.

If someone told you to jump off a cliff (or in this case a high tree branch), would you do it? The correct answer is no, but the game changes when you decide that the glory outweighs the risk.

Finally, on a count that neither of us thought would succeed, we both made the leap. I remember nothing but a snapshot in my mind of the leaves, the moment my feet left the scratchy bark. The moment my body decided to jump, I saw the leaves in intricate detail, each separate stem, a vibrant green with insanely thin veins in individual, complex patterns.

I don't remember hitting the water. I just remember the feeling of emptiness at the bottom of the lake. I couldn't breathe, see, hear, or feel, and for a moment I felt inhuman; I knew where I was, but I wasn't sure that I was there anymore.

When I surfaced, it was like being reborn. Although the wet wall of hair in my face still didn't allow me to breathe or see, I felt victorious. Then I heard the whoops and claps from the restaurant's customers, supporting our triumph.

This inane, quick ritual really had changed us. The circumstance had made us grow. It was as inexplicable as the entire premise of adolescence. We climbed out of the dirty lake, reincarnated; new people, in the same skins.

Change is inevitable. Each year we change a little more; stories and circumstances like the one mentioned shape us into new versions of ourselves. These changes are subconsciously made for the purpose of obtaining perfection, to improve ourselves constantly.

We will never achieve our goal. Even if we constantly change, in the end we will only ever be imperfect. Nevertheless, we try to transform either in the hope that the impossible will be attainable, that a new state of mind will be refreshing or superior; or maybe it's because we have no choice but to progress.

It is because we are impossibly human that we persistently advance, despite all circumstance. But as they say, isn't the journey (of becoming) better than the destination (of simply being)?









## FOREVER

"I will love you forever."

"How do you know that?"

"The stars told me."

"They speak to you?"

"Yes. If you took the time to look at them, they'd speak to you, too."

"...They're not saying anything."

"Are you looking?"

"Yes. And I cannot hear a thing."

"You're not supposed to hear them with your ears. Don't be ridiculous."

"Then how exactly are they supposed to talk to me?"

"It happens like this: first you separate yourself from the world..."

"How am I supposed to do that?"

"You know that feeling when you first wake up? Those brief six seconds where you can't remember one thing? Nothing else exists at that moment but the bed, blankets, and dreams. But then you blink a few times and who you are and where you are come back to you?"

"Yeah, sure."

"You have to mimic that moment to separate yourself from this world."

"Alright. Then what?"

"Like I was saying, first you separate yourself from the world, then look up to the stars and the first thing that runs through your mind is what they say to you. Will you try it?"

"Of course."

They stretched out their necks until the backs of their heads rested on their shoulders, allowing them to gaze at the heavens. Only silence spoke as they listened to the stars. The world fell away into the black absence of the sun until the only things they could be sure existed were the bits of ground under their feet and the stars.

"What did they tell you?"

The world fell back down in place around then.

"That I will love you forever."

*Nicola Russell, Form VII*



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## NOTHING REALLY MATTERS

Do you know how it feels  
to fall apart,  
words and words  
but no meaning,  
explanations without significance,  
waiting for someone without a reason,  
under the sun always on the run,  
not looking back,  
nothing to look back to anyway?  
You left me without warning,  
just a stupid excuse scribbled on a post-it,  
confused and lost.  
I tried finding my way,  
but there wasn't anywhere to go.

*Victor Abraham, Form VI*







